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a new Canada?

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JUNE 16, 1980

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Maclean's

JUNE 15, 1980

Creating a new Canada?

The Fathers of Confederation had a good Act but it's time for a rewrite. This week's first ministers meeting of 24 Sorens. Dave is a start of updating a creaking constitution. **Page 17**



COVER STORY

Only a few years ago the benefits of engineering saw life forms being fawned over out of fear that deadly bacteria would be unleashed on a helpless world. Now major advances in biotechnology, some of them Canadian, are turning that science into a blue-chip investment—as individuals grasp the stunning potential of breeding life forms by the billions and selling the products they create.



The high price oil war

As free generations of war veterans in Vietnam's camp near Voth show, the country continues to pay a high price for the pursuit of its objectives in Indochina. **Page 26**

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Editorial

Poets, not politicians, should write the words we'll live by



By Peter C. Moser

Even if most Canadians find the very idea of constitutional reform a giant yawn, what's involved is the most fundamental of transactions in a democratic state. Constitutions define the relationship between citizens and their government, setting out the powers of one over the other, prescribing the limits of collective and individual liberty.

The objective of this week's conference of premiers (page 17) is the first important step in giving Canada a contemporary constitution. We could do worse than examine the enlightened approach of the American Constitution adopted at the Philadelphia Convention of 1787. That declaration underlined its own importance by beginning with an eloquent evocation of the republic it intended to establish: "We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

In contrast, the British North America Act, designed by our own Fathers of Confederation, starts off with this descriptive parody of itself: "An Act for the Union of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the Government thereof, and for Purposes con-

nected therewith." The 167 sections that follow read like a badly written catalogue of bookkeeping.

The U.S. Constitution defines the relationship between federal and local governments with some sense of majesty: "Full Faith and Credit shall be given in each State to the public Acts, Records, and judicial Proceedings of every other State." An equivalent provision in the Canadian document drily states: "Canada shall be liable for the debts and liabilities of each province existing at the Union."

This difference in cadence and language accounts, at least in part, for the Americans' reverence for their constitution and the ignorant indifference in which most Canadians hold the BNA Act. It's no accident that the one sentence each of office administered to incoming U.S. presidents pledges the aspiring occupant to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States," while our constitutional provisions are regularly violated in many a smoky hotel room at countless federal-provincial get-togethers.

As a modest first proposal for the process of reform now under way, why don't our new Fathers of Confederation hire a poet to draft Canada's constitution? If we are to end this long, sprawling mess with a document we can all live by and believe in, let's at least make certain its language stirs the blood and captures the excitement and potential of this wonderful land.

Maclean's

JUNE 16, 1980

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Old Glory's 51st star?

By André McNeill

Across the plaza from the La Candelaria, one of San Juan's most splendid hotels, Puerto Rican tradition must about to be loved above the hotel's gold-address system drawing out the numbers for the regular Sunday afternoon bingo game. Sprinkled around the lush pool, pampered guests from the mainland lately await the air-conditioned limousines that will carry them to the nearby Holiday Inn and other night spots for an evening's entertainment. Few will stray from the security of the marble lobbies and wonder why there are so many peeling, crumbling facades in that jungle of hotels that in the Condado area of San Juan. Puerto Rico, America's own El Dorado, is facing troubled times.

Puerto Rico has come a long way since the early years of the late Luis Muñoz Marín, the island's revered statesman and the first governor to be elected since colonial rule began in 1493. Soon after taking office in 1949, Marín launched "Operation Bootstrap," an initially successful effort to sweep away the island's squalor, poverty, by inviting American corporations to establish branch plants, with the lure of a tax break. But when Muñoz-Marín's death came last month, his staunchest project looked more like an "Operation Welfare."

Fully half the population receives food stamps, unemployment among youths from 30 to 40 percent, and well over one-third of the island's gross national product comes as annual \$4-billion handouts from Washington. But on this highly policed Caribbean island, economic woes tend to promote political rather than economic questions, so Puerto Rico's status as a commonwealth has come to far outlive scrutiny.

It was Muñoz-Marín who put the island on the trail to commonwealth status with the formation of the Popular Democratic Party in 1939. Achieved in a 1967 referendum, commonwealth status gave Puerto Rico federal grants to flow from Washington, freed the island local autonomy and a limited voice in the American capital, for the price of Puerto Rico's silence over foreign policy. But Muñoz-Marín had not seen the possibility that such a relationship would one day mean nearly total dependency on mainland capital and would create a political vacuum that the forces of both independence and statehood would rush to fill. By 1968, when his Popularist family lost power to the newly formed New Progressive Party (NPP) and its pro statehood platform, the vacuum seemed to be filling quickly.

The present governor and head of the NPP, Carlos Román Berríos, has promised that if re-elected this November he will hold a plebiscite next year on whether to become the 51st star in the American constellation. While a 1967 referendum showed that only 20 percent of Puerto Ricans favored joining the U.S.A., support for the NPP has in-

creased substantially and recent polls indicate that as many as 60 percent now favor statehood. But statehood for Puerto Rico is not a simple matter. Former governor Rafael Hernández Colón, a passionate defender of commonwealth status, argues that statehood would mean a partial flight of U.S. corporations (since they would lose their tax shelter) and that Congress would refuse to grant protection to the island's strong Spanish culture and language. From 1988, the first year of American rule, to the 1990s, English was the only language of instruction and children were beaten in the schools for speaking Spanish.

The elegant Berceano-Gallón has been campaigning for months, concentrating on hillside and coastal villages like Old San Juan, a Populists stronghold at the western tip of Puerto Rico. Everyone gathers for one of his barbeques against statehood. But often in these remote attention farms a press and cold beer, away from the strapping, averse the spirit of Muñoz-Marín. Support for the commonwealth has slipped from 72 percent in 1968 to 46 percent in 1986, and so does among party workers more nostalgic than real hope that they will regain power.

Meanwhile, hidden in the shadows of the two major protagonists, is the Puerto Rican Independence Party and its intellectual president, Rubén Berríos Martínez. Adversely, the "colonial mentality" that he sees as responsible for the fact that in the last elections his independence-minded received only six percent of the vote. Indeed, the menace of economic collapse and of Castro-type communism are a major part of the political rhetoric of pro-statehoods, who proudly refer to Puerto Rico as a "bastion of democracy."

And recently an old issue has resurfaced: terrorism. When a husband of U.S. Navy personnel was ambushed earlier this year, with two people killed, it was reminiscent of the 1975 bombing of a New York jetliner which killed four Puerto Ricans (see article) who were the President's Executive Order National Guard (NG) has with in several major U.S. cities and enough sympathizers on the island to constitute a threat to political stability.

While the evidence is that Roberto Berríos will win reelection this November and possibly the plebiscite on statehood, it may be that, in time, enough pro-commonwealth defections will switch to Berríos-Martínez and that after nearly 500 years of colonial rule Puerto Rico will finally take its place among Latin American nations a democracy surely more aware to the island's profoundly Spanish culture and more attuned to today's reality. For any nation—certainly for a nation as expansive as distant territory because of its "strategic location" (as Ronald Reagan said) is an unattractive feature of neo-colonialism.

André McNeill is an Ottawa-based freelance journalist specializing in Third World affairs.



Puerto Ricans demonstrate for independence: civil war?

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HOLLAND



No guarantees, no culture

By Hugo McPherson

Want to buy a Crown corporation, anyone? I was asking that question in the first months of the Joe Clark government because the rumor was out that a large and aggressive publisher in the United States (Encyclopaedia Britannica) wanted to buy the National Film Board of Canada and all its assets. The price listed at the time was \$200 million. I was outraged. As a former commissioner of the NFB, I would value its assets—talent, archives, facilities and potential for profit and cultural enrichment—at well over \$1 billion. So the exploratory offer would have been a Keweenaw bargain-basement steal of one of Canada's great cultural agencies. (The second in the line was in the CNE's hall that, and we might as well say, Canada's.)

I had another question: Want to stove a cultural agency, anyone? That was the record of the federal government after Canada's great Expo 67. Former governor-general Jules Léger once summed up the situation splendidly after a meeting with the secretary of the Treasury Board: "In times of austerity, the arts are the first to suffer. In times of prosperity, the arts are the last to be rewarded." I found this a fine summary of one of Canada's worst habits.

But more vital questions arise because, in the electronic age, public information and even public entertainment, Canadian-style, are central to our national life while commercial interests, of course, are primarily concerned just with what will pay. The big money now are the riches of cable-television, pay-TV and satellite broadcasting. Who will control and regulate these vast resources? The obvious answer is that our governments must guarantee information services that bring us cultural riches—but our riches, otherwise, we will land in that dire state situation.

Let me put it another way: Canada is one of the three greatest land masses in the world, but our politicians fail to realize that information is a leading national resource and that organizations such as the CNE and the NFB—media resources and resources of the spirit—are probably more important for our life than timber or uranium.

I am not arguing against commercial programs. Rather, I feel that the whole tone of our national programming should be set by people who believe in Canada and in a Canadian view of the world. As the distinguished literary scholar and social critic Northrop Frye has insisted, the centre of our reality is here, the circumference is "whatever the imagination can make sense of." We must concentrate on our own experience and we must make an equal effort to understand our global (and universal) interests and concerns. In all this, the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) has a central and rather terrifying role to play, since it must strike a balance between the money-making motives of commercial media interests and the larger question of "the public

interest" which is written into Canadian laws.

In Canada, the center heart of the whole problem is, finally, education, a provincial domain. As a film commissioner, I tried to bypass that thorny issue by talking about films for "youth"—to be used anywhere, at the discretion of elected authorities. But I knew that the NFB was able to do excellent work in many areas—science, the North, social change, animated film, geographical studies and so on—work that few corporations, producers or even nations would undertake without dollar returns. In England, the BBC and the British Council undertook such work; and in Canada, the CBC, NFB, and later the Canada Council, were funded to do so—though almost always too meagrely. But Canada had no philanthropic families on the scale of Blackfelters and Caragans. Whose money did arrive, it came from the death duties of the Kilgins and Duns families, and a leader such as Louis Saint-Laurent.

I know that schools and citizens across the nation are starving for first-class work in the many areas of the NFB's talent. On this regard, I might mention that schools and libraries depend almost exclusively on the NFB to provide information about Canadian life and achievement. In round figures, Canadian schools own about 50,000 prints of NFB films, and libraries some 80,000 prints. But this is never enough. For example, when I visited the provincial film library in New Brunswick in 1970, I learned that they could fill only one in nine requests for films, and the situation has since deteriorated. Departments of education and libraries should be spending more for prints. But the NFB's distribution system needs vast financial support to meet this hunger for Canadian films. And the outside world, too, is keen to see the work of the NFB. In these terms, the NFB (thanks to Carletonville's great film-makers) made an international reputation. We can be proud of it.

The NFB has won more than enough Oscars from the film industry—the latest, last April for Denis Lambert's *Every Child*. We know that Canada can do that, and frequently at about 10 per cent of the cost of "spectacles" produced in the U.S. and Europe. We also know that the NFB and its government prize this record as a world achievement. Maybe our politicians will prove wiser than this. They feel the same way about the NFB as to fulfil their mission in production and distribution, and experiment in the art and technology of film—not to speak of the role it plays in training writers, producers, directors and technicians of all kinds—it must have strong and increasing support from the government. I, for one, assert in the strongest terms that the NFB is not for sale. We Canadians own it and need it more than ever.

A former commissioner of the National Film Board, Hugo McPherson is now professor of communications at McGill University in Montreal.



"CNE and NFB are probably more important for our life than timber and uranium."



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This Canada

City in a jam

By Suzanne Zwerin

A slight young woman in stonewashed jeans, dry and dusty where once there was a sidewalk. She has a giant box of disposable diapers anchored to her left hand, so she has only one hand (and a knee) left to push a stroller up the mini-mountain of gravel, sand and rock piled up in front of her. Halfway up a gravel heap, the stroller stalls. Women, diapers and baby come down backwards in a tangle.

Calgary motorists, stopped at a traffic light, watch the tableaux with grim sympathy, then begin to rack their own way, no more quickly, through a welter of cement and utility trucks, detours and piles of gravel spilling into lanes of traffic that are supposedly open for business. A gravel truck is stalled in the 1st Street & W. underpass and frustrated motorists have jammed the median and are making a wrong-way dash for freedom. On 15th Avenue, which yesterday was a one-way detour

heading east, two-way traffic has been resumed and surprised motorists are seeing headlight to headlight with each other. A hard-battled construction worker—the nemesis of every motorist—stands calmly in the middle of 15th Avenue, holds up his hand and stops five lanes of traffic as a dump truck can manoeuvre sideways and backwards toward a building under demolition.

Pedestrians versus baby strollers are moving faster but no more comfortably. There's no escape from the pall of dust hanging in the air or from the rattle of jackhammers. People snap on street corners to dab grit out of their eyes or plug their ears with their fingers. An occasional man heading by wearing a surgical mask, on a windy day, waves the swears over their mouths and noses and let their hair blow free.

Calgary, the boomtown boasting \$1 billion worth of construction annually, seems in danger of grinding to a complete halt this summer. New York's fear that a transit strike there would lead to a "grid lock" where motorists can go neither forward nor back isn't as Calgarians anticipate. "The whole downtown is in a grid lock," says Grace Larkin. She spent a morning trying to get to the downtown Bay, gave up and telephoned. "I told them I'd buy a pair of slippers only if they delivered them. They did—a \$2.98 pair of slippers. And I hope they keep delivering because I'm not going over there again."

The Bay, a downtown Calgary landmark, had heard the latest before. Thanks to a detour inside the store's parking lot, a line rather than a snarl stood in a booth at the exit. There was, in fact, no longer much of an exit, as the store stationed a flock of parking attendants outside the place to collect fees from motorists before they started down the ramps.

The warm weather construction boom has and is playing havoc with everyone's life, disrupting the routines of groups as varied as prostitutes and police. Streetwalkers, who normally decrease 7th Avenue East sidewalks, forced themselves without a street to play where construction of the city's Rapid Transit (LRT) closed 12 blocks. Skipping nimbly ahead of the LRT juggernaut, they have set up shop in front of the venerable Palliser Hotel and on 12th Avenue, dubbed Hotel Row. They're creating consternation in these poorer neighbourhoods, a seldom-finding of the number of lookers exiting 12th prompted police to crack down and banish the working girls for a week, at least.

The Stampede parade's traditional route is closed to traffic and the parade



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Itself will have to be determined this year. The Calgary Downtown Business Association is appealing to the city for help because President Harold Pinder says 90 shops may be forced to close unless they can stop a sales slump of 20-to-40 per cent since 1971 construction began. Transit officials report that bus drivers are quitting because they can't stand the delays, route changes and abuse heaped on them by disgruntled passengers. Downtown pedestrians have been ordered to abandon their patrol cars and take to foot patrols across Chin

atown. The city has been unable to get the tax line by putting road improvements on hold. In the early '70s, however, that was the prevailing mood of citizens, and groups protesting pollution, noise and destruction of neighborhoods were able to hold road construction to a minimum. The problem is that Calgary has been beset about having the most money per capita in Canada for every five people—and that the city's population has doubled in the past decade. Recently, Calgary had to play what city officials call "catch-up" financing, spending more \$175 million in trans-

portation dollars into the streets, closing traffic lanes at random. The building crisis, which soon forces call the official city funds, also gives pedestrians a Christian L'Etite feeling that the sky is falling. Glass panes have shattered on busy sidewalks, ladders and tools regularly smash to the ground, an elevator door fell off the same 15th store in a week and a 4,000-pound concrete balance weight plummeted 280 yards from a crane that had been, 30 years before, swinging over a street crowded with pedestrians.



atown. Mayor made that decision the morning he studied the half-dome debris from the police station to the courthouse and got there ahead of a patrol car that left when he did. "We'll be able to get around fast enough," said Inspector Ron Tarnatt reasonably. "Bank robbers are facing the same traffic problems we're facing, so there shouldn't be any problem." There might even be good news in the mess. "I think the city has found a halfway way to stop fatal accidents in downtown Calgary," Tarnatt added. "It's tough for a pedestrian to be hit by a stationary vehicle and that's about the only thing you'll find down there now."

The reconstruction tangle is clearly the worst Calgary has experienced and is due to a combination of causes, starting with Canadian Pacific's wish, second a local banker, laid out its streets with the narrow 56-foot length of chain they used to survey the railway. (Popular folklore holds that, in Edmonton, Canadian National used a 90-foot chain.) Much of the problem goes back to former mayor Jack Ryken who, for most of the 1970s, made good as his promise to

portation from 1973 to 1978, the city now plans to spend \$1.5 billion on roads and transit before 1980. Even then, work's guarantee making pleasant in a very short five-car families raise no eyebrows. Transportation Commissioner George Gresh says that the city will have to go full 9 ft for a decade simply to maintain the same level of service. Calgarians are complaining about now. "Certain corridors will improve but, as they improve, others will certainly deteriorate," he admits.

Some officials hope that art will take some of the burden off the made-always, as Transportation Director Bill Kay has observed, LRT is merely a glorified version of the old streetcar lines the city ripped out in the early 1960s. In the meantime, the first LRT line isn't scheduled to open at 11:30 a.m. and its construction is responsible for a major part of the downtown chaos. The rest of the mess is due to both roadwork and building construction. In 190 blocks of the inner city, at least 10 streets have been closed to permit some 70 road improvement projects, while 16 new office buildings going up spill their own traf-

Playing "catch-up" jackhammer, dust

Stand-up comedians have incorporated the chaos into their routines, but Calgarians are not amused. "What we've done is turn the environment into a battleground," spatters businessman Pinder. "I've never seen another city go through this kind of downtown destruction." Other Calgarians are actually hoping for a reconstruction industry strike this summer, but there's as much chance of a transit strike which would cause further pandemonium. And, as the city has warned, there's no end in sight. The LRT route may be back to normal this fall, but the \$600-million, 46-acre Sun Centre development is just getting under way. Groundwork for that project has just started, closing five more blocks of downtown. The construction of the office-motel-hotel complex is scheduled to take six to eight years. After the 1980s Depression, children would start to have cars when they first left school. Youngsters of the '90s raised in Calgary might feel the same fear the jackhammers finally stop their chatter. ☐

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- Lower Ball Joint/Housing
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- Fan Assembly
- Fan Shroud

Engine Electrical System

- Starter Motor & Solenoid
- Voltage Regulator
- Distributor
- Electronic ignition module

Body

- Axle/Housing & All Internal Lubricated Parts
- Wheel Hub/Drum & Brakes
- Brake Drum/Brake & Calipers
- Brake Shoe/Brake & Calipers
- Rear Axle Pinion Hubs

Brakes

- Master Cylinder
- Disc/Drum Brake
- Brake Calipers
- Hydraulic Lines & Hoses
- Brake Assemblies
- Brake
- Air Conditioning & Rain/Spray Wipers
- Parking Brake Levers & Cables

Front Suspension

- Upper & Lower Control Arms
- Shock Absorbers
- Front Springs Assembly
- Stabilizer Bar, Linkage & Bushings
- Axle Shaft & Bearings

Steering

- Steering & Steering Gear Box
- Power Steering Pump
- Power Steering Oil
- Cables & Links
- Hoses
- Servo

Air Conditioning

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Full Coverage Plan	\$310	\$480
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Moichev is the slavic word for 'the best.' It's a crystal, sparkling vodka that we put over 300 years' experience into. For your rubles, you can't buy a vodka made with more care.

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A clean, crisp London Dry Gin, triple distilled for extra dryness. There are 300 years distilling experience behind it and a very popular price on it.

Hudson's Bay Distillers

After three centuries, Canadians are still discovering Hudson's Bay.

Profile: Paul Watson

Ecology gunslinger

By John Fautzmann

Dressed in a half-unbuttoned safari shirt, with a pair of khaki pants tucked into his boots, Paul Watson paces his Vancouver living room like a banana-Republic movie-honorary between coops. "What we did was considered impossible," he is saying. "You just can't set sail on the open ocean and find a ship you are looking for." Yet after a decade of work as a conservationist—sailing into nuclear test zones, chaining himself to sailing ships, running interference between whalers and whales as well as getting jailed, shot at and chased by angry mobs for his efforts—Paul Watson, 39-year-old ecology gunslinger, and the impossible are not exactly strangers. And now that two former writers for the New York *Herald Tribune* are busy working in his biography—with film rights already sold to an independent producer—celebrity will not exactly seem strange, either.

The ship he was looking for in July, 1978, was the *Berra*—a private whaler operating outside the bounds of international law. "They were not ordinary whalers," Watson says. "Out of a 30-ton whale they were taking six tons of meat and throwing the rest away. They knew they were exterminating a species." Determined to stop them, Watson raised the funds to buy the 226-foot trailer *Sea Shepherd*, hired a crew, sailed

across the Atlantic and, by pure luck, found the *Berra* just off the coast of Portugal. Most of his crew deserted, and Watson went after the *Berra* with only two other men on board. "We came straight at her," he recalls, reliving the memory. "The whalers were all laughing at us as we got closer. They thought we were playing chicken with them." Watson wasn't playing. He rammed the *Berra* twice, opening a 10-foot gash in her side and nearly sinking her. "It was the pillar of 10 years of frustration for me," he says.

Four days later Paul Watson, the boy from St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea, New Brunswick, was on the Good Morning America show in New York telling his story. "That's a sort of modern environmental warfare," he declares in his living room. "You've got to go back and do the publicity." But Watson, his *Berra* barely now fished with grey, won't have to worry about publicity for a while. American writer Cleveland Amory, whose *The Pond for Animals* Inc. sponsored the rescue of the *Sea Shepherd*, says that Watson "became a world figure after hitting the *Berra*." World figure or not, he has certainly become a celebrity in the United States. In addition to the biography and film, new television has hired him to do an environmental series.

for their new show *Speak Up America*. Though all this sounds like pretty handy stuff for a fellow from a small Maritime town, Paul Watson went it as just the latest development in an already eventful life. The eldest in a family of seven, Watson traded in New Brunswick for Vancouver and ran away to sea at 15. At 20, finishing his way through Simon Fraser University by working for the Canadian Coast Guard, Watson got interested in interspecies communication. "Then I found out," he recalls, "that just when we were on the brink of understanding what whales were all about, the world was ready to destroy them." On an impulse in 1969 he joined the Don't Make a Wave Committee and protested the nuclear testing in the Aleutians by sailing a small boat into the testing area. ("I didn't think they'd allow us in. It's just not good public relations.") The boat went off as scheduled but the committee survived to evolve into the Greenpeace Foundation. For the next five years Watson was on the front lines of most of the Greenpeace confrontations to save the world's marine mammals—off the coast of Labrador, in the area known as "The Fries," to fight the annual seal hunt and on the Pacific in a final *Sealock* inflatable boat to protest with Ramon Sagarin, the task time off in 1972 to see if he could go "around the world in 90 days as 90 cents." And it, by carrying airplanes and freighter rides, and wound up back in Vancouver with \$120 left over from his original \$2 bill. As a side-light in 1975, he dodged U.S. marines' bullets as a medic for South Indian prisoners at Wounded Knee, S.D. By 1977, Watson had become fed

Watson, (below) in younger days: "I am just working to protect marine mammals."



Pierre Tremblay will soon be paying more for his oil and gas.

The extra he pays will help cover the true costs of finding new oil for Canada's future. The only alternative is expensive uncertain foreign supplies.

As a consumer, every Canadian has good reason to be concerned.

Here are three ways you can strive for self-sufficiency:

1) Conserve. Conservation buys time to develop Canada's own oil and gas potential. Drive fuel-efficient cars. Join a car pool. Take the bus. Walk more. Check your home's insulation. Lower the thermostat.

2) Understand the need for higher prices. Canada is running out of cheap oil. The new discoveries have been made. What remains is more difficult to find and more expensive to produce. Developing the tar sands and heavier reserves is very, very costly.

Let Canada's oil companies get on with their job. There is no more efficient energy task force in the world. But Canada still lacks a national energy plan. Rapid economical development of tar sands plants, pipelines, the frackers, and even the traditional Western oil patch is impossible unless Canadians unite behind an effective program.

To Pierre Tremblay and other concerned Canadians, it's worth the price.

OIL FORUM CONVERSATIONS WITH CANADIANS

If you would like to learn more about Canada's petroleum industry (fact, brochures and speakers are available). Write to: The Petroleum Resources Conversation Foundation, Box 6746, Station D, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2G6.

OIL FORUM Backgrounders

Canada's reserves of cheap oil have been declining since 1973. This confronts Canadians with a choice: develop the country's more costly energy resources, such as Alberta's enormous tar sands and the northern frontier, or depend increasingly on foreign oil.

Self-sufficiency in oil and gas will cost Canadians upwards of \$250 billion. But foreign oil will cost even more assuming a remnant available at all. Keeping these billions of dollars within our own economy rather than handing them over to some foreign nation will help Canada in important ways.

• **Jobs.** That thousands of jobs and money will be created means thousands of permanent jobs.

• **Other industries.** An active oil industry is a big booster of vehicles, steel, electronics, ships and hundreds of other products made in Canada from coast to coast.

• **Research.** Canadian energy technology already leads the world on several fronts, notably Arctic offshore drilling and tar sands. A "Produced in Canada" petroleum policy makes more money for Canadian scientists and technicians to search further into the existing possibilities of this country's vast energy potential.

• **Trade balance.** A reduced foreign trade bill would strengthen the Canadian economy.

However, the rewards of self-sufficiency cannot occur automatically. The federal and provincial governments, as well as the oil and gas companies, must cooperate in careful planning.

Money is also essential. A tar sands plant capable of producing 8% of Canada's annual oil consumption costs about \$6.7 billion. A single well is the deep waters of offshore Newfoundland is at the moment between \$6 and \$80 million, five times as much as the most expensive Alberta well. These costs are rising quickly.

The oil companies are accelerating their search for new energy production at a record rate. The industry is now spending \$107 for every \$100 it's receiving. Yet self-sufficiency will require even greater investment. And it's risky work. Only one in ten explorations with a successful.

In Canada, the price of oil is set by governments, not companies. And governments receive the lion's share of what people pay for oil and gas. If Canadians are to reap the benefits of building up secure energy supplies, these governments must share the oil and gas consumer's strong commitment to that goal.

Energy today offers Canadians the most dramatic development opportunity since the time of the pioneers and oilfield boomers. The Canadian petroleum industry is ready to meet that challenge - with your help.



The Sea Shepherd: not playing chicken

up with the animal poachers at Greenpeace, and many members disagreed with his fast as a self-imposed tactic. "I admire his bravery," says Canadian Greenpeace President Patrick Moore, "but I can't accept the kind of risks he takes." So Watson left Greenpeace and started his own movement called Earthforce. It took long enough to become a going concern, when Watson was shot at while investigating ivory poaching and a ranger was killed.

Almost a regular feature at the seal hunt, Watson has teamed with fishermen who have taken it as a near crusade to eradicate fur. The federal government's pre-selling information includes the text of a Paul Watson/Barbara Franke & Mappes radio interview, which the government hopes will show that some anti-sealing groups are finding protesting profitable. Fishermen officer Stanley Dudgeon, who arrested Watson on the ice last year, told with some vehemence, "I wouldn't give you my opinion on him. It's not something that could print." Speaking from his home in Halifax, Captain Lysaght, formerly of the sealing ship Martin Karlson, may have summed up the East Coast reaction to Watson's particular brand of ice capades. Recalling a conversation he had had with Watson, Lysaght said "I told him 'Do you think someone should kill themselves for seals?' He said 'Yes.' That just sounded crazy to me, as I changed the conversation."

Watson comes on overreaction in his critics, who think these extreme statements on his mouth, health and eccentricity. A Boston newspaper once accused him of having a neurotic complex. "That's misleading," retorts Watson. "People say that because they can't imagine making their lives for something that's just business. Yet how many people have died in this century for a piece of real estate? Besides," he adds, "I'd never take a risk where it was 100-per-cent certain I would die." He smiles, strokes the small roll of flesh at his waist and ticks on to this chackle

"Bigger pay cost, maybe." Whatever the odds, Paul Watson is too busy, or just not interested, in figuring them out. His present life has him hopping around the continent doing lectures and television shows and, as Warren Rogers, one of his biographers, puts it, "He doesn't care what he looks like, he doesn't care about money—he decides to go somewhere and he goes."

For the past few weeks, however, Paul Watson has been staying in Vancouver where his wife, Sheryl, recently came to visit so their first child, a girl still, he looks almost feigning at home—accuses to get on with it. His latest plan is an expedition to the South Pole, designed to preserve Antarctica as an international park. Right now he's raising the funds for it. "I find it difficult to talk people out of money," he says although he has raised several hundred thousand dollars for a variety of his causes and taken a small part for living expenses. But by Dec. 14, 1984, he wants to be standing on the South Pole. I want to be the first person to get there using wind and solar energy only."

His work all comes down, Watson says, to having "warrior" mentality. "People look on conservation as if it's the old ladies in tennis shoes. I want to go away from that. To risk your life for the survival of a species is much more honorable than dying for some abstract thing like patriotism." He pauses for a moment to give it some thought. "There are so many canny animal images," he says wearily, "but I don't have any pity. I don't look at it as I'm doing as the best and end-all of saving the world. I'm just working to protect marine mammals. It's only one small part of the entire problem, but it's something I figure I can do." The Fund for Animals Inc. President Arny doesn't think it's such a small part. "Because of Paul Watson," he says, "the environmental movement won't ever be the same again." ☐

A lighter shade of pale

Your cover story on stress (*Stress: The Business of Caring*, May 3) was informative but, I feel, in one sense was misleading. In stating that "all but a medical doctor's or psychiatrist's stress-reducing services are beyond the pale of medicine," Val Basi ignored the fact that a large number of professional social workers, psychologists, nurses and occupational therapists are actively providing services to stress-troubled people across the country.

JAMIE MCINTOSH, TORONTO, ONT.

I have a nonstress-related occupation. I cannot expand because of high interest rates. I do not qualify for a government loan because I'm too well off. I have customers that do not pay. I have ongoing difficulties with the township. I have four kids that want to go to the left when I want them to the right. I do not smoke or drink. I had hoped to outline the corporate and professional people. Now I read there is help for them. Should I perhaps look up a stressologist?

GEORGE G. CHAPMAN, THUNDERBAY, ONT.

Reading your article on stress I realized that practically everyone concerned in the study of the effect of stress on the human is ignorant under the same false belief: pressure that, for example, because each of the 33 million Canadians have two eyes, 10 fingers and 10 toes, they represent a homogeneous group and therefore will react similarly to various influences including stress. Considering what has been published in *Nutrition Canada*—1979, nothing is far-



Measuring stress: armies of stressologists

ther from the truth. I suggest that 50 per cent of the Canadian population are slightly too severely dietary-deficient and the other 50 per cent are slightly too extremely well nourished. As a result of my diverse studies over the past 30 years I venture to suggest that if the effects of stress on the Canadian population were to be studied in reference to the presence or absence of malnutrition, that 90 per cent of the stress diseases would be found to occur in the deficient group.

DR. CHARL REEVE, CALGARY

A matter of health

In his well-founded enthusiasm for wholesome lifestyles, Sidney Katz (*To Our Health*, Padman, May 3) repeats a dangerous cliché and ignores half the responsibility about his reference to "hypercholesterol health costs" reinforces

government charges that Canadians are abusing the system and can be controlled only by limiting services or extending deerskin fees. Certainly we must assume responsibility for keeping healthy, only we can exercise and nourish our bodies sensibly. But what about public responsibility for working conditions, housing, transport, air and water? Cigarette smokers choose to poison their lungs and blood supply but surely it is industry that dumps chemicals into our rivers and opens lead and sulphur deposits into our atmosphere? Surely it is government that must enforce workplace safety and health and curtail the violent destruction of our shared environment?

MURRAY SMITH, WINDSOR, ONT.

I greatly enjoyed Sidney Katz' Podium on the physical benefits of adherence to Seventh Day Adventist lifestyle. Coupled with your feature on stress, I think that your May 3 issue covered a large number of salient points related to optimizing our mental, emotional and physical health. The annual modest cost of seeking and its efforts coverage out to at least \$125 for each man, woman and child in Canada. Facts such as this plus the statistics on various diseases quoted by Mr. Katz, point out very clearly that too large extent our dollars are being misapplied and our efforts misplaced in our attempts to achieve a healthy population. I continue to look forward to each issue's editorial and Podium pages in particular—keep it up.

TOM HAYRENEY, R.D. INGERBOLL, ONT.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and must correspond to us. Letters in the *Editor's Mailbox* magazine, 257 Elm Street, St. Catharines, Ontario N3M 1A2.

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Since 1953, the Schenley Awards have recognized outstanding performance in Canadian Professional Football.

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- 1976 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1975 Willie Warlick, Calgary
- 1974 Tom Wilson, Edmonton
- 1973 George McQueen, Edmonton
- 1972 Gary Myer, Hamilton
- 1971 Don Jones, Winnipeg
- 1970 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Wil Symons, Toronto
- 1967 Peter Luke, Calgary
- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 George Reed, Saskatchewan
- 1964 Lovell Coleman, Calgary
- 1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 George Dault, Montreal
- 1961 Bernie Faloney, Saskatchewan
- 1960 Jack Parker, Edmonton
- 1959 Johnny Ruppel, Edmonton
- 1958 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1957 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1956 Hal Peterson, Montreal
- 1955 Pat Adams, Montreal
- 1954 Pat Adams, Montreal
- 1953 Billy Vessels, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1979 Ray McNeil, B.C.
- 1978 John Hodge, Calgary
- 1977 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1976 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1975 John Lattin, Edmonton
- 1974 Ken Lattin, Ottawa
- 1973 Ed McQueen, Saskatchewan
- 1972 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1971 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1970 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1969 John Korman, Hamilton
- 1968 Frank Rogers, Winnipeg
- 1967 Bob Gray, Winnipeg
- 1966 Russ Jackson, Edmonton
- 1965 Don Latta, Calgary
- 1964 Ray Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1963 Ray Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1962 Don Latta, Montreal



MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1979 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
- 1978 Tom Green, Ottawa
- 1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1976 Don Latta, Edmonton
- 1975 Charlie Toney, Edmonton
- 1974 Ed George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1979 Ben Sargent, Hamilton
- 1978 Gary Foyell, Edmonton
- 1977 Don Latta, Edmonton
- 1976 Bill Baker, B.C.
- 1975 Don Latta, Toronto
- 1974 John Wilson, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1979 Brian Kelly, Edmonton
- 1978 Don Fagundes, Winnipeg
- 1977 Leo Ryley, B.C.
- 1976 John Scarra, B.C.
- 1975 Tom Clements, Ottawa
- 1974 Sam Greenough, Toronto
- 1973 Jeremy Rodgers, Montreal
- 1972 Jeremy Rodgers, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1979 Dave Brownell, Edmonton
- 1978 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1976 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1975 Jim Peden, Ottawa
- 1974 Tony Gabriel, Hamilton
- 1973 Gerry Orpin, Ottawa
- 1972 Jim Swain, B.C.
- 1971 Terry Evanson, Montreal
- 1970 Jim Swain, B.C.
- 1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Ken Norman, Winnipeg
- 1967 Terry Evanson, Calgary
- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 Russ Kays, Hamilton
- 1964 Tommy Green, Hamilton
- 1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 Harvey Myer, Calgary
- 1961 Tony Fagundes, Calgary
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Follow-up

Off but running again

Last year it was *Dope Doc*, a book accusing five major Canadian banks of laundering drug money out of Southeast Asia, with the purported goal of destroying America through mass-scale drug addiction and, in the process, restoring the British crown to world domination (Abdus's, Oct. 26, 1979). Now, with London-like Lyndon LaRouche, chairman of the controversial U.S. Labor Party (LSP), attempting again to become president of the United States, a new web of conspiracies has been spun.

Running in New Hampshire, his first

national centre of "viral outbreaks" trained by LaRouche) as he has done in the past, in reframing. Some observers suspect a connection with a decision by the U.S. Supreme Court late last year not to review a \$300,000 decision against the USSR for libelling Greenview Whiskies, an unsuccessful candidate in 1975 for the Baltimore city council. A former anti-war and civil rights leader, Whitman had been accused by the press of being a "drug user," "a member of the KKK" and "a murderer." Another lawsuit has

LaRouche: another try for the presidency



primary this year, LaRouche and his 300 volunteers reacted characteristically when their campaign tactics were criticized by the influential *Montrealer Union Leader* editor, Paul H. Tracy. In a press release sent to newspapers across the U.S., the "LaRouchians" maintained that Tracy had libelled LaRouche for an assassination attempt and mentioned as co-conspirators, yes indeed, New Hampshire Governor Hugh Gallen, the Ayatollah Khomeini, the Carter White House, the Bush and Kennedy campaign organizations. Italian neo-fascist terrorists, Arab/sheikha Uta von Hagenberg and Henry Kissinger. The tactic seems to have backfired. LaRouche predicted he would receive the blessings of at least 15 per cent of New Hampshire's Democratic voters, but he received just two per cent as well as a lawsuit from Tracy.

Why LaRouche should be running as a Democrat and not under the LSP banner (the political arm of the National Caucus of Labor Communities, an inter-

sect launched by Oakland Communist Union official Jim Kahn for \$200,000) He says his 1975 campaign was "totally destroyed" by a USSR publication falsely claiming he was "well known throughout the area as a dope pusher." LaRouche seems to have disbanded his old political party rather than face financial ruin. (His tactics did little good in 1974—he received only 64 per cent of the vote.)

Despite his astounding claims—including that the founders of the Women's Christian Temperance Union were "hands of pre-wedding incest" and that the "Great Birth" started the Civil War and founded the Freemasons of the KKK Klan—LaRouche was the third candidate for the presidency, after President Jimmy Carter and Howard Baker, to qualify for federal matching funds—\$27,864 so far. And if even one LSP supporting delegate is selected, then August's Democratic National Convention in New York will hear some of the strongest political rhetoric imaginable. **Andre McNicoll**

THE SCHENLEY AWARDS



In the last 8 years, the outstanding products of Canadian Schenley have won more Monde Selection Award Medals than any other Distiller in Canada.

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Schenley London Dry Gin is the only dry gin that has ever been awarded a Gold Medal . . . and it has been awarded 3 of them. It is the outstanding way to begin an award winning Martini.

RON CARIOCA WHITE RUM

The 1 Gold, 3 Silver and 1 Bronze Monde Selection Medals confirmed the excellence of Ron Caroca Rum. It is bottled in Canada, using pure cane spirits imported from the Islands, with outstanding results.



You've come this far



now, insist on Kodak paper.

Hand your film to a photofinisher who will give your pictures the attention they deserve. One who displays the sign, "We use Kodak paper. For the Good Look." It's the nicest kind of return on your investment.



City Scene

The coon patrol



By Val Ross

Ladders rattling jauntily on its roof, the Wildlife Removal and Prevention Services company truck turns off north Yonge Street, swings past the glowing lights, rustling hedges and red-tiled rooftops of the pleasant upper-middle-class Toronto neighborhood known as Hog's Hollow and then clatters to a stop in front of the home of the day's first client. "I do get to see some real palaces on this job," allows Rick Brown, opening the ranch-style home before him. "I could get envious. But then I think—there's only a handful of us who I do, and I hate to brag, but I'm one of the best." For six years Brown, 38, has been capturing wild animals loose in the city. He is a "Wildlife Officer" according to the badge that glitters importantly on the breast of his navy blue uniform. ("Oh, the badge? My boss had me made up.") He also wears slacks, Peppera, for traction when he chases creatures across rooftops, and mirrored shades which add a touch. Steve McQueen note.

It turns out that Toronto is teeming with wildlife. Wolves have been spotted south of city limits, fawns in Leaside, deer grazing in the parks or vacant-



Wildlife Officer Brown and catchy I hate to brag but I'm one of the best

yards and lawns, via routines, all over Brown's employer is one of half a dozen private companies that, for fees from \$50 to \$300 and up, will attempt to cope with them. The Game and Fish Act, Section 8-16, gives Wildlife property owners the right to use "any means, to take or destroy" animals (except deer, hawks, owls, kingfishers, crows and moose) violating their property. Some companies offer poison bait and poison powders for a quick and cheap (about \$75 a visit) solution. Rick Brown's employer does not, and Brown is proud of that—while you poison



INSIDE THE 528i:

The BMW 528i (over \$300) was greeted by **ROAD & TRACK** as "the world's best luxury sports sedan" at its price and "possibly any price". In 1979 the automotive authority reaffirmed its evaluation. For 1980, the 528i has been further refined.

A five-speed gearbox quickens response between gears, makes the car even quieter at highway speeds, and improves fuel efficiency. A little electronic marvel called a Lambda sensor sniffs the exhaust (mixes in the exhaust) manifold and maintains it at precisely a 14.63:1 ratio, no matter what 50 fuel is supplied, engine response is even smoother and more powerful. Engine block, flywheel, fuel lines, oilpan is pan of color lines and seats, have all been lightened.

A digital quartz clock, read at a glance, replaces a regular dial clock. A second (passenger side) electronically-operated outside mirror has been added.

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these poor little buggers, they crawl off to die and leave their babies to starve, and when they get we get called in to clean the mess up anyway." So Brown uses tranquillizer guns, dog mounds (filled with a lasso or net on the end) and humane, life-saving traps, and he also likes to think he uses animal cunning.

Today's client has rascals up her fireplace. A large, elegant European nation, ringed hard on the bottom by her Punt foster, she exclaims, "Goodness! Such awful goings-on!" The rascals' squawking and fighting interrupted a dinner party last weekend. "We couldn't hear each other talking! We were appalled!" But Brown, wildlife officer, knows "not to worry, m'am," and he does his thick gloves bristly. Brown's, those elegant, three-foot-long, 50-pound North American mammals, genus *Procyonidae*, cousins of China's giant panda bears, are Rick Brown's favorite assignment. "Clever and strong," he assumes his minked opponents. He knows their answers: wintering males, 16-day gestation period, kits in the late spring, which is peak trouble season. He knows they're numerous, though no one, not even the Metro Regional Conservation Authority, can put a precise number on the tens of thousands living in Toronto. He knows they're adaptable and agile.



Brown: "They're just everywhere, m'am, and besides, you're right by a raccoon!"

Three weeks ago Brown was called in to get one off the third-floor window ledge of the North building at Don Mills and Richmond. "Now, it's literally a flat brick wall. But when I went to grab him, it only took him 30 seconds to scramble up, climb the brick, to a seventh-floor ledge."

The minked raccoon was Brown, shades pulled back, squints and scowls around her house. "Aha—TV lenses!" he points triumphantly. "I've learned what to look for, entrances and exits. Last week a client insisted his raccoons had gone but I knew there still had to be a hole. I kept looking till I found it, a gap where they'd clawed through quartz-mesh ply and lifted away the new aluminum sheathing." He enters the house and checks up the fireplace with flashlight and hand mirror. "You've got to get all the kits," he observes. "Once I took out four babies, but I'd overlooked one. Then I capped the chimney from the outside and left. The next morning the client called. The mums had come back—and she'd scraped away at the plaster of that chimney to get her kit back. The chimney by itself is the driveway. You wouldn't believe what these guys get up to."

Today no kits are minked to light as minked, so the wildlife officer fetches a smoke candle and a length of quarter-inch wire mesh screen from his truck and clambors to the roof, via the air tower, with *Procyonidae* agility. The smoke candles, dropped down the chimney, seal the blue raccoon-proof clouds of disconcert. "They're left far and lose your chimney," Brown explains to the horrified minked. "Then he beides and secures the heavy mesh screen over

the chimney hole to block further intrusions."

The next trap is a suburban Spanish-style home in Thornhill. Brown left a "flamethrower" humane trap here yesterday—a wire mesh box, baited with weenies or catfish, either done shortly when the animal tips a weight inside. The client has phoned to say that the trap is sprung. And sure enough, there are two five-fingered humanist paw marks all over the white garage door. Two little children creep out of the house to watch the action from behind their mother as the wildlife officer opens the garage door. Surprise! Last night's crafty raccoons raced joyously through the garage and departed. In the trap, glowing sharply, squats a chunk. "Stand back," commands the wildlife officer, and the children watch as with one glowed arm he smoothly sweeps the cage up and holding it at arm's length, lifts out the skunk on the neighbors' lawn. (It had been a raccoon, it would have been set from outside the city.) "Well, why didn't you take the skunk too?" objects the children's mother. Brown is brusquely patient. "He wasn't hurting anyone, and you lived at to do one job, raccoon, not two." He rebuffs the trap and drives off.

For these and similar efforts, a raccoon remover earns a little more than \$300 a week, and handles 30 cases a month. He faces the possibility of rabies shots (less than one per cent of Ontario raccoons are infected, but skunks can be carriers). At least half his job is spent handling with clients ("Why, for this price, can't you guarantee they won't come back to my vegetable patch?" "Because they're everywhere, m'am, and besides, you live by a raccoon." "Well, why should we pay so much up front for the trap before the job's done?" "That's just the way it is.")

For the majority of Metro's property owners, there's a feeling that wild animal control is far from adequate. The promise refers solely to the city. And Art Engleman, the Toronto municipal councillor who chaired Metro's Animal Control Committee, admits his committee's report probably won't deal at great length with raccoons. "We need have got an answer for it. Suggest they should be poorly treated and you have the animal lovers do your threat." So the city refers people to the Humane Society, which, if present, advises people that a border of newspaper may keep them out of the vegetable patch. That's about all that can be done. Considering the thousands of dollars of damage these evildoers do, their ubiquitousness and the politicians' back-passing, the lack of hard information on the creature is rather shocking. Martin Andrew, member of the militant animal rights group Active Volunteers, be-

lieves the solution is to feed them so they don't have to root in garbage or scratch and damage property to survive. Resident of a second-story apartment at Jarvis and Carlton, she has a raccoon pal whom she provides with peanut butter sandwiches. "Anyone who can make it across the car parking lot and up my staircase door after day deserves a sandwich," she argues.

The dearth of public-sector solutions to this wildlife problem means the ball is back in the court of private enterprise like Rick Brown's employer. Which is fine by Brown. He loves his work and

enjoys matching wits against critters cunning enough to adapt to Toronto's hostile environment which, after all, has defeated many human beings. Calling on his last effort of the day, Brown spots and captures a non-weasel-old raccoon, let slithering through the bushes. Held aloft in his thick-gloved hand, the kit hines, struggles and tears at the leather glove. The five fingers of each little black hand splay out, he grasps the air in a fury. As Brown considers the animal's spirited determination to survive, the expression on his face approaches sympathy. ☺

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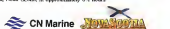


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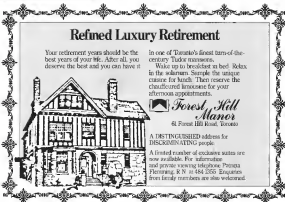
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CREATING A NEW CANADA?

By Robert Lewis

It was 92 years after the American Declaration of Independence, and 30 years after this country was explored by Jacques Cartier, that a political elite in the colony of Canada decided to form a nation. There were no classes, no shots in anger, no heroic fortresses to be built. Instead, a Canadian parliament quietly brought the imperial powers in London to another meeting. The basis for the union, the Canadians wrote in 1864, "differs from that of the United States" and "does not profess to be derived from the people."

The people have been feeling left out ever since. Modern-day political leaders list before the cameras in their three-piece suits and one-day-old make-up, talking in tongues. They compare up visions of mystical granddiggers with their chants of "entrenchment." Like phantoms at a celestial cadets' ball, they demand "patricianism" forever. Like a travelling band of religious supplicants, they ride the Victoria Charter, venerate the memory of the B.C. of Rights and take swigs from something that sounds like a new product from Perini: the "Fulton-Pearce formula."

The arcane terms and the politicians' retreat to Hansard whenever the constitution comes up for discussion are only superficial reasons for the glazing of eyes in the land. So, too, are the incontestable facts that the leaders were all over the lot as specific proposals for

change as they sat down for this week's exercise in re-configuration (see chart), or that the debate has splintered on for the past 12 years. The real reason that many Canadians couldn't care less about the talks is their gut sense that in daily life, the constitution simply doesn't matter. There are better things to do, like growing up, falling in love, studying or coping with work and the trials of life. If voters think at all about federalism, they are more taken by home truths than by homilies. René Lévesque, a 58-year-old lawyer just north of Regina, evokes the bitter sense that "the West has been paying both ways for votes" with taught rules on grain prices and tariffs on cars shipped west. "The whole exercise," he says, "is geared to the East."

Harvey Tremblé, 43, manages a herd of 500 purebred Charolais cattle in Oxbow, 50 miles southwest of Calgary, and he's frustrated by the lack of elected western representation in the Trudeau government. He denounces the traditional principle of party-line voting in the House of Commons. He believes the way to establish a strong regional voice in the federal capital is with an American-

style elected Senate, with equal representation from each province.

For Jita Brown, a 22-year-old anthropology student at the University of Toronto, there is no manifest urgency for a new pact of union. As for Ontario's slide to eighth place among provinces in spending per university student—it was second in 1971—she observes "Changing the constitution isn't necessary to change education funding." In fact it is, since part of the constitution determines the level of federal and provincial spending on universities and, therefore, is indirectly responsible for U of T's projected 14.6 per cent tuition increase next year.

Canada's constitution—actually a codification of the 1867 British North America Act, certain statutes of Parliament and legislatures and unwritten traditions—is inextricably linked to the coexistence of Tremblé in Alberta and Andrews in Saskatchewan, not to mention the Newfoundlander writer, the francophone Quebecer, the doctor in Ontario, the poet in Vancouver. The constitution is the instrument that makes war, far be it, building highways, paving highways, fixing trees, restoring housing, respect-



Ontario Premier Bob Rae: the people have been feeling left out of Confederation

ing food, setting the price of gasoline and grain, ensuring flight safety, providing pensions, licensing films and carrying far the rock.

The problems in Canada today flow not from what the constitution achieves, but from what it does not do. For instance, there is no clear definition as to which level of government is responsible for many issues, a fact that makes the so-called division of powers and a made-in-Canada restriction the equivalent of the water jump in the marketplace—of all the hurdles, the one where the runners are most likely to get tripped. Unlike the American system, Canada's constitution offers no guarantee for human rights—to study in French.

Vancouver, to receive tax forms in English in Quebec, to call a lawyer from jail, to avoid unnecessary search or seizure by police. With Liberals strong in the East and Conservatives supreme in Western Canada, there is no forum to ensure that at all times all regions participate in central decisions—from metro governance and language laws to foreign investment and the appointment of the Supreme Court.

"Canada and its constitution," the task force on national unity warned last year, "in a protracted crisis, the primary, but not the only challenge, comes from Quebec."

For more than a century, the French have had to fight against what McGill University political scientist J. R. Malley describes as "an element of deep-seated Protestant suspicion of the Roman Catholic Church, a feeling that the French tongue is a monopoly in an En-

glish-speaking continent, a feeling that the French are an enemy to the forces of progress." The striking guest about French-Canadian rights and aspirations, with Malley, "is that the courts have played little or no role in protecting them." Leaders like Maurice Duplessis, Daniel Johnson, Jean Lesage, Robert Bourassa, René Lévesque and Pierre Trudeau have, of course. They have consistently reflected the prevailing in French Canada for "extraordinary rights by placing greater stress on a written constitution than do the English." Says New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield: "The two levels of government have had sufficient power to discharge their responsibilities." For English Canadians, secure with tradition and the majority, what matters is how the system works—or now, how it doesn't. It is the wake of the referendum in Quebec, the two great national streams have merged in the expressed desire for real change.

"There are still 60 per cent of the people [in Quebec] who voted for a different kind of Canada," Alberta's Premier Peter Lougheed observed after last month's referendum victory by the "no" forces. "Canada has an obligation to come to grips with that problem"—but not at the cost of ignoring "the aspirations of the people of the Atlantic and western regions as well."

Largely, these aspirations revolve around resources, which the Fathers of Confederation granted exclusively to the provinces. The catch is that the central government was charged with regulating international and interprovincial trade. Hence Lougheed insists on his right to get the best possible price for his province's oil and gas. "Once the barrel of oil goes down the pipeline," he observes, "it is gone forever." The price, that said, since it is in the pipeline,

Ottawa has a responsibility to ensure a reasonable price to all Canadians. "No province," insists Energy Minister Marc Lalonde, "has the right to dictate development outside its borders, and the federal government will fully defend the basic constitutional principle."

Ottawa's argument, in effect, is that oil is special. Lalonde points out that in 1978 oil revenues per person in Alberta amounted to \$1,800 while in Ontario the take from oil resources was a paltry \$54 per head. Last year Alberta oil and gas revenues totalled \$3.8 billion, 30 per cent of which went into the super-savings account known as the Alberta Heritage Fund, now brimming with an \$1.6-billion petrodollars. Sharing the wealth is the key issue in stalled talks on a no-energy price agreement which expires July 1. In constitutional litigations, the principle is called "equalization."

Newfoundland leader Allan Rock, 51, is indirectly at the centre of another unresolved constitutional trade issue—the right of a province to exclude

outsiders from certain jobs. With unequal unemployment ratings as high as 30 per cent in some parts of his province, Premier Brian Peckford enjoys wide support for regulations that give Newfoundlanders first priority as offshore oilrig jobs. Bennett, who was put out of work after the 1976 closure of the approximately named Come-by-Chance refinery, now earns \$50,000 a year servicing the rigs. Andrew Dobson, a welder also working at sea, says the regulations improved his chances of getting the job—but he doesn't like the restrictions. "We can go elsewhere and work," he notes, "and it should be no different here."

Similar protectionist regulations have been introduced in Quebec, which barred some 3,000 Eastern Ontario labourers from construction sites, and in Nova Scotia, where Premier John Buchanan has introduced a bill to give provincial residents first call on civil-service jobs. Ironically, when Nova Scotia's Allan Rock, a strong provin-

cial righter, landed his first job it was at the Saskatchewan civil service.

Other interprovincial barriers to trade and commerce have been erected. Seven provinces buy fuel from local firms, even if the prices are lower outside their boundaries. With total government purchasing power estimated at \$30 billion, that is some clout. Newfoundland is protected from exporting its Labrador power across Quebec to U.S. markets because of the dispute between the two provinces on hydroelectricity. Newfoundland has banned Nova Scotia fishermen from catching cod off the northern coast.

Marcel Cadieux, former Canadian ambassador to the European Community in Brussels, speculates that "there are now fewer barriers to trade among the countries of Europe than among the provinces of Canada." In a speech last week, Ontario Industry Minister Larry Greenstein lauded the "increasing Balkanization" of an already-small domestic market. Ottawa, he concluded,

"has an important and crucial role to play as the 'senior government' and as the legitimate arbitrator that must set the national interest."

Pierre Trudeau agrees. When he last met the premiers in 1979, he offered to limit certain federal powers and to increase the provincial role in cultural fields. But he also set forth a list of seven areas where Ottawa needs the power "to manage the economy and to maintain an effective economic union."

The Fathers of Confederation thought they had settled the division of powers 115 years ago. As Sir John A. Macdonald declared at the Quebec Conference in 1864, "We should concentrate the power in the federal government and not adopt the decentralization of the United States." Resolution 55, passed in Quebec City, reads: "The laws of the general Parliament shall extend and supersede those made by the Local Legislatures and the latter shall be void so far as they are repugnant to or inconsistent with the former." A P.E.I. dele-



B.C. New Democrat leader Robert Barrett (right) and Newfoundland leader Bennett, but sense that the constitution doesn't matter



CONSTITUTIONAL POSITIONS: A Sampler*

	Enhanced language rights	Monarchy	Senate	Supreme Court	Non-able participation	Federal role in vital resources	Shared jurisdiction over off-shore oil and gas	Future expanding in provincial fields
Ontario	Yes	NO	Provincialism at the expense of federalism; but open to federalism	No change	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes with provincial assistance
Quebec	No	Keep for now	Many responsibilities to provinces	Provincialism; but some federalism	No (seems no decision at present)	No	Yes	No
A.C.	No	Same	Provision to 11 from own judges	Yes	Yes with some provincial approval	Yes	Yes	Yes, limited by new points
Alberta	No	—	Keep no change	Keep additional constitutional responsibilities	Yes	No	Yes	Yes with some restrictions
Rock	Yes	—	—	No major change	No (seems no decision at present)	Yes	Yes	Yes with provincial approval
Manitoba	No	—	Keep with respect to provincialism	—	Yes	Yes	Yes	—
Saskatchewan	Yes	—	—	—	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes with restrictions
P.E.I.	Yes	—	Keep no change	—	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes with provincial approval
N.S.	Yes	—	Keep additional responsibilities to provinces	—	No (seems no decision at present)	Yes	Yes	—
B.C.	No	—	—	Yes with restrictions	Yes with restrictions	Yes	Yes	—
Yukon	Yes	—	—	Yes with restrictions	Yes with restrictions	Yes	Yes	—

*Based on positions provided by their governments in February 1982

he wants money from the federal treasury for sewage-treatment development projects.

Ottawa, to listen to some politicians and their cheering sections in provincial press galleries, has never done anything right. Yet during the years when the federal government has been denounced as rigid and insensitive, the nation has arguably become more democratic than any federative except Switzerland. There is a pervasive sense that governments closest to the people are best suited for their citizens—a principle that, to be sure, has many evident virtues, but that has also resulted in actions such as the dubious handling of the film *The Two Dinos* in Ontario, an unfortunate series of investment decisions in the Newfoundland resource sector and a separate set of services for retarded people in Alberta. At the grassroots, like N.A. Charles Barber, architect of a successful battle for immigrants funded by Ottawa, admits: "If we'd had to deal with a reactionary provincial government [W.A.C. Bennett's], we would never have got off the ground."

But the time for more provincial power has clearly come in the cyclical ebb and flow that has marked Canadian history. The danger is that in the unthinking plunge into the new tide, the merits of the old balustrade will be ignored. The people, however, are marching with their feet, no matter what politicians or pundits say. Alberta and British Columbia last year had big net population increases, while Quebec and Ontario had substantial losses. The finest are planning their rights to the good life, but will they be the only ones to thrive?

With Jim from Mark Rodgers in Vancouver, Ed from Stewart in Calgary, Jack Elder in Regina, Shirley Griffiths in Toronto and Geoff Ross in St. John's.

Alberta

Another begotten Sun

"Campaign?" asked Toronto Sun Publisher Douglas Coughlin from the executive offices of The Calgary Alberta. He seemed perplexed, so, last Thursday, only hours after his newspaper's acquisition of the Alberta, was understandable. Coughlin shouted over his shoulder, "Hey! We haven't opened the champagne that bottle must be back in Toronto." Toronto, after all, is where the Alberta's fate was decided. The night before, in the Queen Street West office of Thomson Newspapers Ltd., the small but ambitious Toronto Sun Publishing Ltd. had



Publisher Coughlin in Calgary 'Abner' looks' complete with Graham (20)

agreed to pay an undisclosed price, when a Toronto Sun reporter suggested \$50 million, she was told she was "way off." It was possibly closer to half that sum.

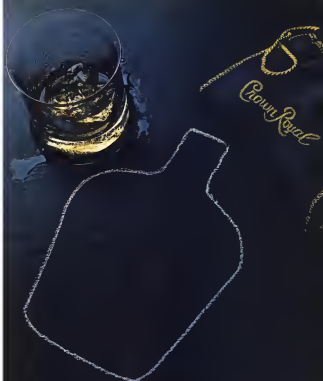
Whatever the price, Kim Thomson was probably glad to sell. He had bought the 35-year-old Alberta along with the other, far more attractive properties of the FT chain, such as The Globe and Mail, the Alberta could have provided awkward competition when, later this year, the Globe launches publication of its satellite edition in Calgary. For Thomson, the Alberta's other flaws were its small size (circulation 50,000) and its elderly pressroom, rumored to have been denied to a museum and then brought back into service. Wisely, the Sun group has not bought the Alberta's plant but will lease it for 18 to 24 months pending construction of a new facility. The paper's worst sin, however, is that it loses money. For the four months since Thomson bought it, its 228 employees have seen the red-ink spilling on the wall. According to Coughlin, they took the terms of the sale, and their steady but venerable paper's rebirth on July 31 as The Calgary Sun, rather well—their jobs are still secure.

Not all Albertans are happy. "Abner-ism isn't dead!" snarls Ed Rydell, editor of the locally owned newspaper, Alberta Report. "It strikes me as damned odd that Calgary, with newspapers read the world, couldn't buy its own

newspaper. The Sun's not a newspaper—it's a tabloid." The new owners, moreover, insist on applying their flagship tabloid's formula: no content was aimed at commuter readers. "Sunshine Girls" were noted for their superb pictures rather than their newsworthiness, plus popular, right-wing editorials. Some serious questions the appropriateness of its formula to the West, though its circulation and ad revenues are up by almost one-third, The Toronto Sun's two-year old Edmonton Sun tabloid has yet to break even. Bill Gook, editor of the now Calgary Herald, suggests that the West is "too conservative" for Sunshine Girls. "Log all Albertans readers are going to get culture shock," he groans. "The jury's still out on tabloids out here."

The jury's still out in the East, too, as the failure two years ago of Ottawa's Toronto attempt. But the Sun publishers are confident. They have the second story of their own original paper ("The little paper that grew") and, further east, they note that Montreal's *Le Journal de Montreal* is now Canada's second-largest paper. When the first leg of Calgary's light rail transit system opens next year, they expect it to spur readership of their hand-printed paper. And Coughlin notes that Calgary is Canada's fastest-growing city; among the 2,000 new residents moving in each month, he's just certain there are Sun-seekers.

Val Ross



The butler did it.

The war that won't go away

By Martin Woolcott

The disabled soldiers gather around the morning hall, some hugging along as one leg, others hugging the little wooden stools (a whole their damaged bodies have been inserted). They are the sad remains of war as all soldiers were (or were to be) but somehow end up looking away to camps and centers. In this one, near the Vietnamese city of Vinh, the young men

were wounded on the Cambodian border in 1970 as one of the skirmishes that preceded Vietnam's successful thrust to oust the Pol Pot regime in Pnongpoh. The excitement of what a 29-year-old man still sees as an adventure comes through again as he tells the tale of shooting down Pol Pot soldiers before the Cambodians replied with a barrage of B-40 rocket fire which blew up his spine and left him partly paralyzed for life. The camp doctor, Nguyen Hu

Thuan, has the difficult job of coping with 100 and 500 other veterans who, in a very typically Vietnamese fashion, refuse to give up. Many have set their hearts on becoming engineers, but few have the intellect or the physical stamina even to try. "To become engineers, that is their dream... but it is an impossible thing," he says sadly. The camp is a real compendium of Vietnamese virtues—stamina, willpower, an old-fashioned patriotism which does not balk at sacrifice and an unbridled acceptance of national purposes.

Those same virtues pervade Vietnam's large 600,000-strong army. Its entrenched elderly leadership and its backbone of hardworking villagers. Indeed, they are largely credited with the success Vietnam has recorded in its reconstruction efforts since 1975. The villages of the North, and increasingly those of the South, are unexceptionally prosperous. Throughout the more fertile areas, Vietnamese peasants live in sturdy, traditional red-brick houses surrounded by mature shade trees and flanked by well-tended private plots.



Tending a collective farm near Con Phung, low income, good housing and health care

low, they say, and the quota of the harvest sold to the state at fixed prices is no great burden. And, through the "50-percent rule," the state performs another vital service for them. The rule declares that only half of the new generation can stay in the village—the others going off to the army or colonization projects in remote parts of the country. Thus, the surplus population, which would otherwise overstrain the village economy is absorbed.

The alliance between party, peasantry and army is the steel framework of Vietnamese society but, while it solves some problems, it has disturbing results. Normally, it excludes large segments of the urban classes from the circle of privilege. That is most dramatically clear in the Chi Minh City (Saigon) where most of the old upper middle class is languishing in detention camps. The Sino-Vietnamese trading classes are still hankering to get out of the country, if necessary—and most of the lower classes show clear signs of discontent. As well the elite contains some of the most poignant reminders of the American presence. It centers like Binhai Street No. 1, hundreds of American airplanes have a bleak future.

Externally, the formula has given Vietnam military options that a society of its size would not normally possess—options that it has taken up in its determination to resist the will of Peking. Following the American withdrawal from Vietnam in 1975, peace in the region became dependent, above all, on accommodation between China and Vietnam, both of whom feared the other's historic aspirations to be the Indochina kingdom. But the whole experience of the Vietnamese leadership has been that sticking to one's guns pays off in the end, and the national ego has sometimes to be experienced to be believed. Leaving farmers to his shabby green

uniform, a Vietnamese colonel told him, as the Chinese had the foundations for a two-front war against Vietnam in 1975-76, the Vietnamese "moved to break the southern threat" by invading Cambodia "and to meet the northern threat" by battering the Chinese invading force. Now, he says, "We are ready to deal with a much bigger attack and we will beat them even more severely."

The facts about how the relationship between the two countries has deteriorated are not yet all in, but a fair summary might be that while China pushed too hard by attacking the Pol Pot regime and encouraging its shatterband armies toward Vietnam, the latter gave too little. In any case, the result of that clash of wills has been the near-destruction of Cambodia, the entrenchment of the whole region in the Sino-Soviet power struggle and the perpetuation of a warlike society in Vietnam. Thus, the Vietnamese still live in a bitterest world in which reluctant soldiers pen their loss letters by compass and officers write sad poems in rain-soaked fields to the Chinese frontier. The crippled justice is the same at Vinh as one proof of the fact that Vietnam is now prepared to meet countries to pay a higher price for what it wants. But the thought also occurs that if Vietnam was prepared to be satisfied with something less than her full ambitions, the price might be a great deal lower.

Middle East

'A dialogue of violence'

It was the week of the rejections—Jewish as well as Arab—in the occupied West Bank of the Jordan. After beginning with a repudiation of diplomacy in Damascus by Al Fatah, the dominant arm of the Palestine Liberation Organization, it climaxed with the explosion of four bombs that severely wounded two Jewish West Bank Arab magons, branded an Israeli policeman and wounded seven passers-by on the Hebron market. The streets that fol-

lowed in the streets of the Arab towns and villages was armed and unsentimental. And in the volatile atmosphere, Jewish was even more than ever with the logic of occupation the claim that 600,000 West Bank Arabs could be kept down by anything but the strong arm.

The identity of the gang that badly-trailed the cars of Moshe Ben-David Shalom, Karim Khalil of Ramallah and Ibrahim Tawil of Al-Balata was still a mystery at week's end, though few seriously doubted that it was the work of Jewish fanatics. While Peretz Memelstein began searching among the bombings, Rabin's White House, a National Religious Party MP and champion of the Gush Emunim settlement campaign, reacted to the bomb attacks with the name of Deborah in the book of Judges: "Let all thine enemies perish." Rabin's Dracoman's response struck a chord among many of the settlers, and while it was still too early to predict a revival of Jewish terrorism on a pre-1948 scale, the possibility could not be discounted.

Indeed, it was even stronger reaction came from Yossi Dayan, national organizer of the Kach movement (the Israeli branch of the New York-based Jewish Defense League). Dayan denied that his group was responsible for the attacks or that it was recruiting an underground army. But he enjoyed at the air bombings, which came exactly 30 days—the Jewish period of mourning—after the Hebron ambush last month in which a Kach activist and five other Israelis were killed by Arab terrorists. "I feel good about it," Dayan said. "This is the first time in 30 years that somebody has taken action against the Arabs. We have always been the target of the bombings and shootings."

Then he added: "There is room in this land for only one nation."

The military administration, which has kept the lid on Arab discontent ever since the Hebron massacre, seemed it drew even tighter after the bombings which cost Moshe Shalom both his leg and Moshe Khalil a foot. A strike called

Major Shalom in hospital, underground army



A bridge near Vinh replacing one destroyed by B-52 bombers, American engineers, and student life after a winter semester

still wear their army uniforms, neck markings replaced by red and white badges reading Hoang Binh (wounded soldier).

The camp is a vivid illustration of the high cost of Vietnam's fight against those who stand in the way of its objectives. Currently, as was underlined last week when Vietnam angrily accused the U.S. and China of meddling in the boat people problem, those two countries continue to take pride in place in its list of enemies. But in the Vinh camp, as in scores of others throughout Vietnam, you can see three generations of struggle—middle-aged ex-fighters from the war against the French, sons from the American war and youngsters who lost their fathers in more recent combat against the Cambodians and Chinese.

These newest members are just kids, many of them feeding an unnatural childhood with unrealistic hopes of recovery. Private Nguyen Hoang Hop



The ancestral fields, almost equally well-tended, stretch out around them. In the poorer parts of the South, the soilers system is beginning to take hold and there is little evidence that more than a minority are unhappy with it. In Mr. Loi, for instance, the farmers are busy freshening the shape of the old private fields into collective oblongs—leaving only one acre, untouched as a memorial to the 1960 massacre by the Americans. That life has improved is made clear by peasants who show off their new houses. That they





Israeli troops on patrol in the West Bank, confronted with the logic of occupation

by Arab merchants in the West Bank to protest the bombings was forcibly ended by Israeli soldiers who opened the closed shops with crowbars. But another protest was not so easily stifled. Defying a ban on contacts with the press, the mayor of Bethlehem, Elias Freij, told foreign correspondents "We have reached a dead end of isolation, occupation and humiliation. The military government freezes all the activities of the municipality. We represent the holiest town on earth where the Prince of Peace was born, but there is no peace now. We are being severely punished for once trifling incidents."

Mayor Freij, a short, plump 60-year-old businessman who has always sought

coexistence with Israel, threatened to resign, then retracted when he gained no support from other West Bank leaders. His last remaining weapon was the resources of Bethlehem. People abroad have heard of it, and some might even care what is happening there.

Ironically, the bombings came at a time when, much to the displeasure of U.S. President Jimmy Carter and the Israeli government, the European Community is preparing to endorse Palestinian representatives in the now-fading Madrid peace process. But the explosion last month of the mayors of Hebron and Bethlehem by the Israeli military, and last week's ousting of mayors Shaka and Khalaf, the West Bank Palestinians, at least, are left with no coherent leadership.

For their part, the Israelis are left with a dilemma which goes back 12 years in the June war of 1967. The English-language *Jerusalem Post* diagnosed the car bombings as another tragic stage in a dialogue of violence. "It is a process," it commented, "while roots lie in the concept of perpetual Jewish rule on the West Bank but whose shoots are the denial of coexistence. When this was only an Arab doctrine, Israel knew how to respond. Now that it has contaminated Jews as well, the dangers become greater." **Erik Silver**

Rebels with a cause

The center of the sticky Texan had long been marked by Clark's events. An attorney general under President Lyndon Johnson, he lapsed at well-meaning by federal agents, opposed capital punishment and supported gun control. In 1960 he was upstaged by free-presidential candidate Richard Nixon for his opposition to increased police powers of investigation. Later he became a vocal opponent of the Vietnam War. But last week Ramsey Clark made the boldest departure in his 13 years as a public figure. In defiance of a presidential ban on travel to Iran by all U.S. citizens except journalists, Clark led a 10-person team to Iran's Council of America Conference. Its purpose: to investigate 30 years of U.S. interference in Iranian affairs.

Clark's arrival was nothing less than a publicity coup for the Iranians, who had pulled out all the stops for the affair. And in the event, the 52-year-old lawyer did not disappoint his hosts. With all the state and press of campaign anxiety, he granted the Iranian revolution and condemned past American involvement in the country, particularly its backing of the former shah



Rose Portier. In so doing, he defied the U.S. government and supported collaboration of the most oppressive host. But if Clark's statements left White House officials positively fuming—they released public comment—they were equally bolstered by a document presented at the conference: "Secrets" he secretly. It was allegedly drafted by former CIA commander General Alexander Haig (born last No. 2 General Robert Haysler, who had been sent to Iran in January 1979) and before the revolution. At the time the mission was described as an effort to persuade the Iranian military from ousting Prime Minister Shapur Bakhtiari. But in the document Haysler/Holmes/Holmes was alternative counsel of action. First, he said every effort should be made to shore up

Clark (right) with Rose Portier and George Wald (center), American, left, and Khosro-ei with Foreign Minister Sadeq Ghalibafzadeh, a public relations masterpiece

Bakhtiari's regime with military force. But if that failed, he recommended a military coup to bring Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini from power. The authenticity of the document remained unproved. But while Haig said it was a lie, Clark apparently didn't think so.

For Iranian President Abolhasan Bani-Sadr, who engineered the conference, it was a publicly known. Not only was a first declaration adopted denouncing the past American meddling in Iran, but Clark agreed to start a commission in the U.S. to



investigate. The record further. But if the effort was a propaganda masterpiece, it remained doubtful whether it fulfilled its principal aim. Bani-Sadr and other moderate forces hoped that by giving well to end up Iranian grievances against the U.S. they could invest a vote in the May 1980 elections next month to put the hostages on trial. But at the conference, Khomeini spoke of the guilt of the hostages, thus lowering any hope in that regard. And as Bani-Sadr well knew, the results might be disastrous. President Jimmy Carter has promised, and reiterated last week, that such a move would result in "severe retaliatory steps."

James Flinn, with files from Alex Brodie in Tehran

**Did you know
Kronenbourg outsells
every other bottled beer
in Europe?**

**Sure,
I caught on to
the smooth
taste of
Kronenbourg
years ago.**

**Change to the smooth taste of Kronenbourg.
Europe's Number One bottled beer.**

The best of a bad lot

By Catharine Fox

It was a moment of high political drama. Hundreds of reporters, shoulder to shoulder, were jostling for position outside the White House when abruptly something happened. Senator Edward Kennedy, to everyone's surprise, his "historic" meeting with his dearest foe, President Jimmy Carter. But the news

the states voting last week underlined the irony of both Kennedy's and Carter's statements. Fewer than half of the Democratic voters in Ohio, California and New Jersey said they would vote for Carter in the fall. And nearly two-thirds of those voting for Kennedy last Tuesday said they would give their vote to independent candidate John Anderson in Reagan. Indeed, if anything, the

score the end. In fact, the Republicans emerged from the Iraq looking strong and united. That was highlighted last week when Reagan went to the Palm Springs home of former president Gerald Ford for a teledebate. During the 1976 election, Reagan did little to help Ford's campaign, and it can be argued that the Republicans lost the election as a result. But the two emerged from Ford's house together: (Kennedy came out of the White House alone), sending and giving support for each other. But despite the laughs in the candidates' camp, many of last week's voters felt the outcome of the primaries was a foregone conclusion, and there was a

Reagan, Ford and even Billy after the late-life shift, Kennedy meeting to journalists he's been the fight. In the end, the winner's camp takes on the bookcase case.



everyone craved turned out to be something they already knew: Sending Kennedy, and jostling about finally getting to see the Rose Garden, Kennedy and "I am a candidate for the nomination. I'm planning to be the nominee."

And to the long U.S. primary season ended much as it had begun: There were no fewer surprises than hoped for and the main contenders stayed out in front. The Democrats started out with two candidates and despite the fact that Carter came from behind to win nearly 300 more delegates than he needs for the nomination, Kennedy is hanging in there, championing the liberal cause. Although none of his closest supporters now say his quest is "futile," Kennedy was riding high last week after his strong win on "Super Tuesday" in five of the last eight Democratic primaries, including significant wins in California and New Jersey. After hearing the news, Kennedy declared: "Today is the first day of the rest of the campaign."

The Carter camp, too, was in a winning mood. Carter, tearing his shaving—he was in three states—in a "wondrous vision." But polls taken in



last battles between Carter and Kennedy pointed out the deep, better division within the party and the growing possibility that Carter could be a one-term president. As New York Times columnist Tom Wicker pointed out: "The hard truths exposed by that first day of primaries are, nevertheless, that Carter came out looking like a basket case and Kennedy like a wall-to-wall man." For his part, Ronald Reagan edged the Republican race with one easy victory. That race had started out with far more variety—seven candidates—but the field narrowed quickly and even Ronald Reagan's most zealous supporter, George Bush, had dropped out be-

fore the end. In fact, the Republicans emerged from the Iraq looking strong and united. That was highlighted last week when Reagan went to the Palm Springs home of former president Gerald Ford for a teledebate. During the 1976 election, Reagan did little to help Ford's campaign, and it can be argued that the Republicans lost the election as a result. But the two emerged from Ford's house together: (Kennedy came out of the White House alone), sending and giving support for each other. But despite the laughs in the candidates' camp, many of last week's voters felt the outcome of the primaries was a foregone conclusion, and there was a

the pitfalls of campaigning by staying at the White House—he did manage to refer to Secretary of State Edmund Muskie as a "senior citizen" when he meant "senior adviser"—Kennedy was less lucky. In Iowa he called the farm families the "farm families" and agreed near the end of the primary season that "I am an agribusiness."

But the unknown quantity is the fall election promise to be John Anderson. Even those who say he hasn't got a chance (recent polls show he's really not in his shape) acknowledge that he has kept his head above water most of the time. Since abandoning the Republicans, his major problem has become one of

wrong with the family," she said, "that couldn't be fixed if we had a government with the moral courage to make abortion a crime, get prayer back into the schools and drop this stupid talk about women's rights."

Phleffier never did get to speak with Carter, although she tried hard enough. Secret Service agents finally and seriously pressed her back as she left the conference center. But in a weird way, she symbolized the controversy and bitterness that underlie the conference which Carter originally intended to be an unadorned affair: installing family unity and the sort of virtues that would help him politically. Instead, it developed into a forum in which liberals and conservatives, just and not against each other.

It's not that a lot of preparations weren't made for the affair. More than 200,000 people have taken part in state conferences this past year to draw up an agenda for the national meetings in Baltimore and two other cities (Los and

land by blood, marriage or adoption." And, as Mrs. Cunningham Munnich, head of the National Pro-Family Coalition, explained: "Homosexuals or unmarried persons who live together should not be endorsed by virtue of a lower definition" that conference official Joseph Giordano replied: "We feel the purpose of this conference is to find many means. I suspect if we get bogged down over a definition we will get nothing done."

If the conference is able to get down to real business in the weeks ahead it is expected to produce several resolutions. The delegates also hope to study the why and wherefore of the Gallup poll released last week which found not only that almost half of all Americans believe family life has deteriorated in the past 15 years but that the two things considered most harmful to family life are alcohol and drug abuse. The survey

Carter takes a chance at the conference: "Drop this stupid talk about women's rights!"



explore, but his staff is working on a European trip this summer—hopefully to meet with heads of state—in light of the Anderson profile.

A trip abroad may help bring Anderson international as well as American attention, but he has to be careful not to fall into the Carter/Reagan sort of insanity. In France last week, Le Courrier du Nord, a national newspaper, ran a column explaining how to tell the difference between Carter and Reagan. It shows a cross-section of heads: Reagan's is round and Carter's contains a pencil.

What is all in the family?

As one of the most extensive studies ever undertaken into the American family got under way last week, 11 wives Phleffier was from selected, in her wife-beaten dress suit, lavender gloves and purple blouse, she snatched through the delegates like a great-sun in the night.

Phleffier was in Baltimore to hear President Jimmy Carter open the first White House Conference on Families and to tell him that he didn't know what he was talking about. She had traveled from her home in New York City, along with about 20 other protesters, to put the experts right. "There's nothing

next month. As well, \$50,000 has been spent on a nationwide Gallup poll to find out what is right and wrong with the family. And by late summer, just as the presidential election campaign moves into top gear, Carter and the Congress will be given a series of proposals on what the government can best do to keep the nation's households in good shape.

Opening the Baltimore session, the president was sentimental and took great pains to avoid controversy. But he had no sooner left than the squabblers started. The conference leaders and the liberals were immediately challenged by the so-called "pro-family" groups to put a firm definition on the word "family." The conservatives insisted: "A family consists of persons who are re-

lated by blood, marriage or adoption." And, as Mrs. Cunningham Munnich, head of the National Pro-Family Coalition, explained: "Homosexuals or unmarried persons who live together should not be endorsed by virtue of a lower definition" that conference official Joseph Giordano replied: "We feel the purpose of this conference is to find many means. I suspect if we get bogged down over a definition we will get nothing done."

William Loeferer

Rhonda Sheels, half of the look-alike husband and wife mime team **Sheels and Yarell**, insists that he is a genuine artist, not a carbon copy. "I had a scholarship at **Musical Maracas**' school in Paris but I left after two weeks," says Sheels. "He's fantastic, but everyone was him." Sheels developed his own style of "neo-classical" street mime directing traffic, and staved off the passersby hunger pangs by passing the hat. In 1972 he met **Louise Yarell**, and their offbeat act with the windup doll sketches has been a hit ever since. Yarell recently filmed her first solo project, *Close White*, a one-hour television drama that explores the world of the deaf. **Toronto's Mark Denis**, 14, plays a deaf boy with whom Yarell develops a special relationship. The deaf's new project is a "mime-stance" retrospective on *vaudeville* which will open on Broadway in December—including the neomime talents of juggling Russian folk dancers and an acrobatic hare.

Norman Elder—former Canadian Olympic equestrian team captain, architect, painter, former art gallery owner, author (*This Thing of Darkness* and free-lance engineer—was back home in Toronto recently just long enough to have a chat with **Princess Philip**, who wrote the foreword to his book, and pick up a fresh pin helmet. Elder was returning from Tierra del Fuego and the deserts of Patagonia, where he stroled through areas not opened to man for the past 50 years. Elsewhere in Argentina, he found that 35 Canadian beavers, reported 30 years ago, have bred like rabbits and created huge swamps. "The ruins of the Canadian beaver are as low there as anywhere on earth," he says. Now heading off for a tour of New German villages, he re-



Sheels and Yarell (left) and Denis and Cohen (right) mime and juggle Russian folk dancers, learning to mosh a Canadian out.



ports the word: "Last time I went back to visit the people I'd stayed with, I found a giant red tide had buried them." Undaunted, Elder concludes: "Sometimes the best parts of the trip are the things that go wrong."

There are fewer sex queens than talented actresses—you're just glad you have something," says **Anita Ekberg**. At 46, she is still being cast in romantic interest parts rather than as strong personalities, but some resigned to her gum-i-gum status: "We've all lived with people putting down sex symbols," she says simply. "It's kind of like saying **Frank Sinatra** can't sing." Dickinson says she's like **Charles Aznavour** once her **John Wayne's** Sergeant Pepper Anderson a debt of gratitude: "You can't do a subtle spoof without a serious back-

Dickinson and Martin (right) play *Blue* (below). Charles Chao returns, married to Veloso.

ground." After she played a serious role recently with **Leslie Martin** in *Dark Heat*, her next film definitely qualifies as a spoof—**Charles Chao** will come out of retirement after 18 years, played by **Paula Veloso** opposite **Ange** as the **Dragon Queen**. "I put a curse on **Charles Chao** when he sends me to prison for someone's murder," Ange says, with the rings of a pop in her voice. "I don't take it lightly."

Harristed **Bob Dylan's** ill-fated cinematic opus *Renaldo and Clara*, **Jeff Michals** reportedly named her album *After All* after her, **Nail Young** featured him in his film *Home*, **Madonna**, and where **Leonard Cohen** swayed an alter ego to play himself in *Montréal's* *Contar* Theatre's current production. The **Leonard Cohen** show he chose **Los Angeles** performer **David Blue**. Blue first met Cohen in 1968, "charming women to-

gether in New York City." His biggest problem in playing Cohen? He had to dye his brown locks black, "I'm not a 'bad' like a *Cosmo*" and deal with the unexpected loss of Montreal India in his life. "Playing **Leonard Cohen**," he says, "you'd think I'd find more success here." During the show he sings songs of the adult Cohen from a true home and comments on scenes from *The Favourite Game*, enacted by **London, Ontario's** **Michael Corrao** playing the young Cohen. Blue's prize for his dedication is abundant: "He is a very loving, incredible compassionate and generous man... besides, he got me a job."

The porn classic *Deep Throat* attracted a crowd of 10 women to a downtown New York screening recently—ironically, they were there de-



feeding the star of the flick with anti-porn slogans. "Deep Six Deep Throat" and *Loveless* was a **Barbra Streisand** *Udda Lovelock*, now **Larry Mervin**, out a few weeks ago, but at the rally he says she is excited for her second child. She was joined by **Wanda Hagar** (Richard and **Jane Fonda** in *Against Our Will*, **Men Women and Dogs) at a press conference held by **Women Against Pornography**. *Loveless* and *Hagar* enjoyed instant rapport. "She was very nice," says *Loveless*. "Her credibility took it from being a radical women's movement event to being a very human event. She told me she was proud of my courage and strength." Hagar was referring to the ascending *like* *Loveless* tells in her book *Goodbye to you* of her talisman by her first husband. Looking back at the "ladies character" who was *Loveless*, *Loveless* reflects with a swallow: "When porno comes knocking at your door, it doesn't knock gently. It knocks the door down."**



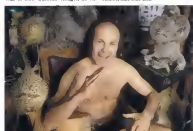
And (above) *McRobbie's* "rough act" to follow. *Hayes* (below) and *McRobbie* (right) down with *Daisy Trout*.

September "Maybe my wife will make up for that," adds the affable self-stress whose qualification for the job is his affiliations with the boards of a dozen influential Canadian firms, fundraising for the Liberal party, a 10-year lead in the Senate and a "lifetime in business," including the law firm of **Art & Berlin**. He announced that he will be severing all his powerful connections except for the chancellorship of **Wilfrid Laurier University** in Waterloo, Ont. **Art** has discovered incumbents: **Lawrence Governor** **Phyllis McRobbie** with grace, and says, "She's a tough act to follow."

You meet the strangest people in French port offices. **Henry, Percy, Marsha, Lawrence & Strick** and **Art** got embroiled in French bureaucracy while they frantically tried to rid themselves of eight boxes of old clothes in *Arco-Fontaine*. The pair had been riding European roads and roads since they met in London at the opening of *The Empire Strikes Back* in May. "I have no idea how long we've been on the road," said the travel-story *Marshall* after the 200-kilometer motorcycle ride from Paris to Art. Three hours and 30 fairs—a trip to the lake, Garfield's limited French and patience were strained to the limit. As he and *Marshall* sped off toward the south coast of France to visit with **Eric Idle**, who is hard at work on another *Monty Python* movie, Garfield was heard to mutter, "I'd hate to think how long it takes to get in a French postcard."

It was all the postcard of another 1888 War of the Worlds broadcast fantasy—so an album called *No Questions* isn't being released in the United Kingdom because it includes an actual voice clip from Britain's modern day *Jack the Ripper*, who has claimed the first of 12 women to date. The singer and composer of the song is **Richardson** **Scott** **Plummer**, 30, a former Toronto radio technician. While waiting for the *Plummer* taped a *BBC* announcement by the *Upper* in Scotland. *Tari*—one of several in which the singer has talked with Scotland. *Tari* detective *George O'Connell*, challenging the police to find him before he strikes again. *Plummer's* album, including the song *Jack the Ripper*, is getting serious in Canada. "I wanted to make it so that it would stick in people's heads. Since the album is about crimes, the Ripper's tale seemed a natural," explains *Plummer*, adding nervously, "I just hope *Jack* doesn't come around looking for his share of the royalties."

Edited by **Maureen Flacey**



Always felt myself to be more operative than decorative," says **John Black**, 42, who will become **Ontario's** 33rd Lieutenant-governor next.



Crush's Patron: guppies didn't think so

annual meeting in February, "Taylor said he would give me an opportunity to save it, but that he would just as soon money it."

What ultimately turned the owner for Crush is Thompson's opinion, was packaging. He denied that one of Crush's uncompleted strengths was its color, which had been observed by an opaque brown bottle. Thompson switched Crush to a clear bottle—but not before changing the formula to a concentrate to enhance what he thought the public would consider the "strongly" pulp. Following this face-lift Crush began to prosper, achieving its strongest period of growth in the 1960s and early '70s when it acquired companies with labels such as Hires Root Beer, Pure Spring, and Wilson's (Arpa) said Crush in 1990 and it passed through five owners before coming to Patron. In the past five years, however, growth has stalled. The whole market for soft drinks has weakened in the U.S. and Crush's target market of children and teenagers is the slowest-growing segment of all. As competition intensified within the industry, Crush, with its lackluster marketing, faded further into the background.

The new owner, Procter & Gamble—known in one of the world's foremost markets—is expected to put some much-needed aggression back into Crush. Certainly, Patience expects the Canadian division to benefit from shared marketing. In fact, nothing appears to dampen Patience's enthusiasm about the deal. Although he has been highly successful in building a private empire of companies in car sales and leasing, advertising, food and a regional airline, with sales of \$500 million in 1990, his one experiment with a public conglomerate, Neuman, was a disaster. This has left some financial observers nervous about his ability to build a new Canadian-led Crush from scratch, to which Patience replies, "The stock's up and the deal was announced." He is ready to discuss any details of the deal, including a claim by the chairman of the Dallas-based R.R. Pepper Co., that his company, at Patience's invitation, had been secretly courted Crush for a year and had made a final offer that was \$5 million higher than the one Crush accepted. (It has been suggested that, having signed an earlier offer of intent with Procter & Gamble, Crush was afraid of lengthy litigation if it backed out.) Patience said merely shareholders had to talk to a lawyer. The fact that he was acting in their best interests "I'm not concerned about anything," he said. "After all, the person who stands to gain or lose the most is the biggest shareholder—and that's me."

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILAN MACKEY

Business

Another kick at the Crush can

By Gilan Mackay

It was once the most popular soft drink in North America—a homegrown mixture concocted in 1916 by a Chicago chemical unit of super, water, a few preservatives and dyes, muddled into a pulp—then, soda and all. Named, appropriately enough, Orange Crush, it was confidently promoted as Norman Rockwell advertisements in *The Saturday Evening Post* throughout the 1960s as "The Best Drink on Earth."

Unfortunately for Crush, soft drink gamblers didn't think so for long. By the time the Depression hit in 1929, Americans had definitely decided that things go better with Coca-Cola. From then on, Crush was never really more than a bit player, overshadowed by the majors in the soft drink industry and tested from one to another controlling shareholder, mostly a wealthy investor who would plunk it up in a wave of enthusiasms and later abandon it. Such was the disenchanted of Vancouver millionaire James Patience who, after three years as majority shareholder of the now-Toronto-based Crush International Ltd. (owning 61 per cent), decided that it would be smarter to sell than to eventually be eclipsed by billion-dollar competitors with "nothing but muscle."

Last fortnight, Patience disposed of the U.S. and its international assets (which represent more than two-thirds of the company) for \$55 million (U.S.) to U.S. consumer products conglomerate Procter & Gamble Co., which had been looking for as remote into the soft drink business. At the same time, Patience has kept control of the Canadian division of Crush and its board of cash with which he expects to forge a new, though as yet underdeveloped, company.

With the sale, expected to close by Aug. 26, will go Canada's only multinational soft drink company. (Crush products have an estimated \$5 per cent of the U.S. market, putting it in fifth place behind Coke, Pepsi, Seven-Up and Diet Pepsi, and are popular in more than 100 countries.) The company may not see its beginning to a Canadian, but it probably owes its survival to one: Crush fell into Canadian hands as a result of a miscalculation by R.P. Taylor, impressed by Crush's early profits during the war years, the Canadian E-amer bought the 1950s his burgeoning Arpa Corp. Ltd. (he soon discovered that the sweet drink had owed its popularity to wartime sugar rationing. When rationing was lifted, Crush sales collapsed. Really John H. Thompson, who retired as Crush chairman at the

Water, water, everywhere . . .

A number of ambitious Quebec nationalists had their way, the waters of Northern Quebec would transform the province into the hydroelectric equivalent of Ohio. Hydro-Quebec, the province's mammoth electrical utility, may not agree with the scope of this vision but it does share the same hunger for power. Last week, the utility announced that it is gearing up to go ahead with two more projects on the rocky rivers that drain two-thirds of the province into Canada's inland ocean—Madaw and James Bay. Where they're completed, nearing the year 2000, Quebecers will have acquired the world's largest dam project and perhaps the world's most severe domestic source of energy.

Construction of the two projects—the Great Whale River north of the existing La Grande site and the Nottaweg-Broadhead-Buquet Rivers to the south—will cost about \$20 billion and will employ 15,000 workers until the end of the century. The final outcome will almost double the 20 million-kilowatt capacity of this decade's dams. Much of that is still on the drawing board and, even though full approval for all phases of the project is expected imminently,



Hydro-Quebec, dam at James Bay power hungry, claims electric energy secrets

next year's work will be basic, consisting of building a road to the Great Whale, which lies about 1,800 kilometers north of Montreal, and conducting hydrologic and environmental studies. Full approval seems just a formality—especially as it is to come from a provincial government still grasping for powerful "national" symbols and reluctant at having avoided (although just) any hinting experience with nuclear power.

Still, there are a number of hand-icapped issues from La Grande that will have to be taken into account, and sometimes successful, opposition from native and environmental groups, anti-dam violence and vandalism by unhappy building workers, and the

expensive mark-up on the project price tag to \$16 billion. Spokenword Guy Lafleur says the system has been refined by these experiences and points out the project, probably won't even require any of the expensive new technology generated by earlier Quebec dam-building—earth moving and power-generating technology which in recent years has given the utility, and the province, a worldwide reputation. So the only really intimated in the project is at Wall Street, where Hydro-Quebec will have to dig hard if it's going to unmask markets for the megadollar debentures expected to float, all those thousands of tons of concrete.

Larry Black



Programming tomorrow TV still in infancy

its infancy. Telenor has been developed over the past two years, as a truly superb example of co-operation between government and private industry working together toward a national media plan. Says former Science Council of Canada chairman John Shepherd: "Production of Telenor components so far is confined to two Canadian companies—Norfolk Ltd., a small, creative, high-technology specialty manufacturer in Peterborough, Ont., near Ottawa, and Electraform Ltd., a larger manufacturer of TVs and other equipment in Waterloo, Ont.—though several others, including Northern Telecom Ltd. at Toronto, are not far behind." It is not too long for the bigger players to move in, particularly now that the U.S. has given Telenor its blessing. Says Norpak President Mark Nollen: "But we hope to keep a strong competitive position for ourselves and other Canadian manufacturers. It must hold true and if Canadian manufacturers keep our wits about it and eventuality to we don't follow this national advantage." The potential exists for Canada to develop a competing position in high-technology production—aid by Canadian funds of millions of dollars flowing into the black hole that is Canada's balance of payments. Anthony Whittington

Let your fingers do the seeing

Those who recognize that technology is the cutting edge of the future and who wouldn't mind saving a bit more of originality in Canada may be interested to hear about Telenor, a little Canadian creation with the potential to equal the impact at Canada's other great contribution to future stock the telephone. Certainly Canada's electronics and scientific community is

jumping with excitement this week over the news that Telenor may have secured, following last week's decision by a United States government agency to channel Telenor over all other comparable world systems, a first launch in Washington, D.C. virtually guaranteeing a firm future for the Canadian invention.

Telenor is an information-oriented system using an infrared TV screen with a key-board emitting ultrasonic to call up other images ranging from black quotas to movie listings—or looking further into the future. It is a bit like the day's shopping list in

Nobody's vault but his own

Robert Maclean strikes any room like a giant crane lifted by a bent knee as he forges for familiar faces or food for thought. He may begin with an awkward burst, but in full flight, there is effortless ease as a parliamentary witness, in man-of-the-house management or striking fear into the hearts of females. "Sit down and shut up," he would blurt at women nervously entering his sixth-floor nest at The Bank of Nova Scotia. He was but the senior of contempt, for he seemed their growing role in Scott's bank's shared world. "He's left a big hot wake at this bank," says one man who has felt his splash.

At 52, Maclean knew that he would never be the bank's chief executive officer. Current titleholder Ged Fitzhugh is 52, Gordon Bell, 50. It means in 80 there was no place else to grow but out, so, after 25 years, Maclean's trading his position as Scotia bank executive vice-president and the 14 functions he oversees (including 1,800 people in data systems alone) for the \$5-million budget, M&G's Current Bankers' Association President-designate since April, he became the CNA's first full-time president at its annual meeting in Ottawa this week. With his executive doctorate from M&G, he'll be spokesman for the 11 chartered banks in Canada, their \$200 billion in assets and 350,000

employees. He will oversee Bank Act reviews and drag bankers into the future-shock world of electronic funds transfer — and beguiled, as he himself might put it, for staffed bankers.

"Being in life," he says, "is such a big thing." If so, this particular clock began ticking in June, 1978, when Scott's bank's Bell became CNA president. Since the CNA was created by an act of Parliament in 1980, the banks have taken turns supplying their chief operating officers as part-time nonexecutive presidents. Bell, who is not comfortable in the public eye, agreed only if Maclean would handle the Bank Act. That became a distraction for Maclean. However, then the CNA's executive director, whose functions Maclean's now picks up. On March 4, Harrison, 50, found his contract was not to be renewed. Says Harrison: "I am well prepared to admit that (the CNA) may deserve better direction than they received from me." A consulting firm already, commissioned by the bank's chief executives in 1979, said the CNA needed a banker as full-time president. Harrison's background was communications. The report also called for someone bilingual who knew the Bank Act. "The last became very short right away," says Maclean. "One." Offered the job in February, he accepted two weeks later. Says Harrison of the prescriptive study: "They were killing two birds with one stone."

"I would say I've gone sideways," says Maclean. "It's not up. I don't have the operational responsibility. But it's not down, because I have responsibility to the industry for ensuring good legislation." His first task is to get C-A, the

revised Bank Act, three years behind schedule, passed. Maclean himself has spent 30 hours as a witness before parliamentary committees, during the current round. "The people and the politicians see the banks as very big and multifarious," he says. "They say, 'You run your shops well but you're a threat because you're so damn big.' My job is to improve our credibility."

He began with this fiery reply at his first news conference in April: "If you want to load a question, go ahead, but I'll put it right on the table what you're doing, okay?" That's fair enough, eh? Well, I can't answer a question put that way. "Why don't you step behind your side?" is not a question I can answer, okay?" To others, of course, there is a more terrible side. Says former Scotia-bank chairman Tom Boyles: "I always referred to him as the absentminded professor who always lands the train poorly and then jumped on his wife." And praise from a lesser colleague, Toronto-Dominion Bank Chairman Richard Thomson: "He's given a very significant touch on the banking scene."

There will be a few tricky areas for fancy tongue work, where the banks don't agree, such as admission of foreign banks to Canada or disclosure of loans to specific foreign countries such as South Africa. But, most of all, he'll roll on, just being himself. His second wife, Lynn, says: "Jack Maclean is exactly as he appears to be." "Obscurerous is not too strong a word. 'Things are what they appear, eh?'" he adds. Then his eyes dance and telegraph his own brain: he is come. "I've walked to this job," he says. **Robert McQueen**

Maclean shed buzzed for solid bankers



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Come home to Maclean's

The man who spoke softly and carried a big stick

By Trent Frayne

First of all, who can argue with 20 seasons? The year Gordie Howe broke into the National Hockey League, Joe Louis ruled to knock out Mike Collins and keep the heavyweight championship. Bob Feller was the winning pitcher in the all-star game and, if you think Melrose is too old, the Toronto Argonauts won the Grey Cup.

No question about it, Gordie Howe stared around a long time and did a lot of damage, not all of it to the pride of goaltenders. Gordie performed deeds during the quarter-century with Detroit which preceded his recent six-year subbition in the nonviolent World Hockey Association that will never be equalled. He scored a million goals and a thousand hat tricks but, remarkably, he didn't fill his hockey against the watered-down opposition of either the Second World War or expansion. Except for the last four seasons at Detroit, he operated in a high-paced, six-tennis league.

Still, it was not for nothing that Howe became known as Old Blower, and some people feel there was more malice than affection in that sobriquet. Just now, freshly retired, he's heading in a southerly-southerly outpouring of warmth that approaches ardor, a sort of Mr. Chips tagging at a graying ferret or tight-lipped Coop standing at High Noon muttering "rip. You can take the boy out of the north but you can't take the country out of the boy. Love that."

The sentiment is not universal. "He was cruel," Carl Brewer remembers. Carl is a thoughtful and articulate guy of 41 now. He played a comeback this past season with Toronto, but he didn't last much as time Brewer, three times an all-star, played against Howe for nine seasons with the Leafs and St. Louis and one season with him at Detroit. "He would inflict pain," he says. "That's why he was given as much space to skate in, as many people like him, he moves. He was terribly strong. He used the element of fear to his advantage."

Oh, he was strong. Once, he knocked an entire team out of the playoffs with

his right fist. It was 1959. The party of the second part was the Ranger defenseman Lou Fontana, the New York policeman, a tough fellow. They clashed near the Ranger net. In no time, the ice ran red with Fontana's blood, ice smeared by Howe's spit. Phil Watson, the Ranger coach, stood motionless later that Howe's devastation. kayode



his hockey club. The Rangers had needed only a tie in their last five games but they came up empty and Toronto streaked in. "We never got over Lou's putting," Watson said. "His nose looked like the subway bit it."

Twenty-one years later, there was Howe, enduring. And enduring. Until he was 32, playing competitively in the wits for six seasons and getting a last hurrah in the WHA when four WHA seasons were deposited last fall. He got 15 goals, playing less and less as the season stretched on, obviously beyond his depth but capable somehow of coming up with an occasional big game. The years after Detroit he retired in 1971 for two years until the Hawkeyes brought him back with his two seasons established him as a physical marvel more than anything. Some people felt those years said more about the culture of the WHA and



the 20-year NHL, then they said about Howe. Gordie Smythe, hockey's grand old curmudgeon, pointed an octogenarian finger at Howe in his Houston phase and remarked that some that fulfill isn't good enough for the rest. In 1971 what was there positive to say about a league he was good enough for now?

Howe when Howe was at the top of his game he was not a sight for sore eyes. He had all the color of a taped snail. He had none of the flair of Rocket Richard or Bobby Hull, who drove wild men wild. Usually, Howe was an honest workman, often so unimpassioned that even fans wouldn't know he'd scored. The light would go on behind the other team's net and the folks would sit there waiting for the PA announcer to let 'em know who'd done it. Howe had marvelous reflexes and great anticipation and what these towering attributes succeeded in doing was remove the style from the performance. He'd be in the right place at the right time. He was simply too good.

As a kid out of Plains, Sask., he had two left feet and was terrified to get up on them at a public gathering. But he drove himself to do it and in time he developed a nice self-deprecating style, based to a fine edge when he reached New England. ("I'm poetry in slow motion" and "I don't know the new facts in this league, I only get to see the numbers on their backs"). Aware that his vocabulary was limited the left school in the sixth grade he worked at crossword puzzles and read to improve it, looking up the meaning of words.

But there was nothing sentimental about him—not that I ever saw, anyway. I caught up to him once years ago in Detroit just after his interview for 13 seasons. Ted Lindsay, had been traded to Kevin Connolly. Lindsay had been a favorite of General Manager Jack Adams, but he fell from grace when he tried to organize a players' union and Adams banished him. According to the papers, Howe was shocked.

"News is not," said Howe this day. Well, would he feel so casual if he were traded? "Why not? That's how I got my chance. They traded somebody." My Chaps? Aw, come on.

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Environment

Burgers from heaven

After years of research, experts in Canada's ministry of natural resources have discovered something that has long been self-evident to fast-food promoters: burgers are more popular than heretically sealed plastic bags. For years, ministry officials drove around in cars dropping plastic bags here and there in the woods as part of an experiment in developing an oral rabies vaccine. The bags were sharp fangs and skulls, the vets relied carriers, would nibble at the plastic and devour the little freeze-dried pellets tucked inside. But fangs showed little interest in



Wait with spiced burger hiding the drugs

going themselves on the bags, despite the addition of artificial flavoring. "It didn't seem to work too well," concludes Ian Watt, a senior resource technician who works on the project.

All that changed in 1975 when the ministry started taking its drugs inside one-on-one hamburger parties and the fangs started co-operating. Now, with the ministry testing spiked burgers out of airplanes—an estimated 20,000 are going to be air-dropped this fall—the fox is showing itself to be just as keen a junk-food addict as the next guy.

Officials are hoping the burger drop will be rapidly demystifying to cut back the 1,200 cases of rabid animals in Ontario each year—roughly 80 per cent of

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All eyes in Canada One shocking block, though, may be the inescapable reality of the skunk's eating habits. While the fox's hawking for burgers has been demonstrated—74 per cent of those ate the pollen in the last ministry survey—only 36 per cent of skunks showed a weakness for ground chuck. It could be that skunks move around less and so encounter fewer burgers, suggests David Johnston, who heads the province's rabies research unit.

Any solution to the rabies problem—which cost Ontario \$7 million last year—will have to include a way of reaching the skunk. The disease is dramatically on the rise among skunks this year, and since the skunk is often found in urban areas, it is more likely to pass the virus on to humans. Although no human has developed rabies in Ontario in the past decade, last year alone nearly 1,000 people underwent the unpleasant preventative treatment—with 32 needles in the stomach—after coming in contact with wild animals.

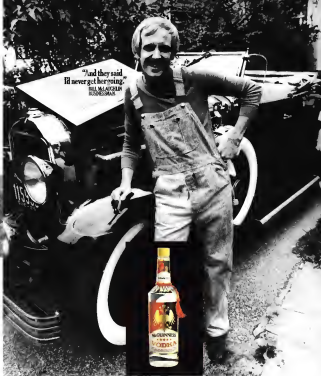
Even if officials discover the skunk has a weakness for, say, lobster, it will



Skunk: 90,000 burgers falling from the sky

be at least a year before the air-drop program has any beneficial effects. So far, it's still in the experimental stage, awaiting the completion of work on an oral vaccine. The drug that fairs are glibbling up in their burgers is only tentative, a somewhat antibiotic that does nothing to prevent rabies. All it does is allow the ministry to see if the system could work. Trappers who catch animals within the ministry's 200-square-mile experimental zone have been handing foxes and skunks over to the ministry for examination. If an animal has eaten one of the intracapsule burgers, his teeth will have microscopically visible yellow lines from the drug. The dog, at least, seems quite happy to play along with the \$2.8-million pilot project, paid for out of provincial treasury funds. With hamburgers selling for more than a dollar at most restaurants, the dropping patties must truly seem like a gift from the gods.

Linda McQuack



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Music For the record



FRANCO D'AMORE: PRIMO CONCERTO IN A MAJOR HARMONICA FLUTE
Conducted by Charles Dutoit
(30)

Deutsche Grammophon's Canadian recording premiere features the catchy (even, embellished) rhythms and agreeable sound-scapes of Franco D'Amore, the versatile Montreal composer and arranger. D'Amore's penitents in few shameless syntheses of rock, jazz and classical music and his facility and eclecticism are extraordinary. He can switch moods, from raptures to boozing, and from brassy rock to Quebec folk-rock, with the speed of an occultist abjuring a succession of heresies in front of your eyes. The result isn't perhaps great music but it's awfully enjoyable. The music work, the concertos—splendidly played by Edith Kovacs-Bélav and the Montreal Symphony—culminated in a third assessment that a tour de force.

VERDI REQUIEM
Conducted by Riccardo Muti
(40)

A biographical sleeve-note promises a revelatory reading from Muti. Not so. It's powerful, workmanlike and often beautifully done, but it falls somewhat short on heartbreak, spirituality, intensity, nuance and mystery. Muti also tends to stammer when he sees a fast tempo, scuttling details of the score in all directions. In his latter-day Strozzi the young Italian seems to be challenging Gilels, Vilémovský, Benja Seaton, Agostini, Veronesi, Lurietta and Rognoni Nostrovski are admirable soloists. Seaton's Lohengrin is being particularly memorable, but the distinctiveness of their voices sometimes works against a perfect blend.

John Pearce

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NEW LIFE FOR SALE



Ogilvie (left), Cuck, Bender with gene machine; piece of DNA (scaled 50,000 times background) futuristic.

Mass-produced life goes to market

By Mark Czarnecki

field and now find themselves transferred into bio-chip investments.

While most of them also do research in other areas of biotechnology, the closed world of Canadian biotech that is most profitable remains in recombinant DNA, commonly called gene-splicing. In its most basic form it involves adding foreign genes to the natural genetic makeup of an organism so that it will accept the new gene as one of its own and function accordingly. What it amounts to is the creation of new life forms which will produce useful substances more cheaply and in much greater quantities than traditional methods. One of the first tests to be applied for practical applications was the gene for human insulin because its chemical structure is well known and because there has always been a need in the treatment of diabetes for pure in-

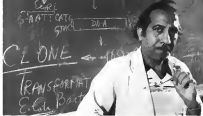
ulin, rather than the animal-derived product now in use. Yet only a few years ago the possible benefits of gene-splicing were being passed over by space-age-savvy scientists and observers who worried about the accidental unleashing of deadly bacteria on a helpless world.

Those fears have passed, however, and now, reassured by voluntary guidelines that leave private industry's knees unknelt, enterprising businessmen such as Bender have found the opportunities to advance human knowledge while turning a handsome profit too substantial to ignore. In fact, there's general agreement in the relatively closed world of Canadian biotech that if any one company is going to make a splash internationally it is Bender's BIO LOGICALS. "He's got the brains, the determination and the scientific know-how—I wish to hell we had more like him," says Francis Baldwin, director of special programs for the Medical Research Council, the body that initially formulated Canada's gene-splicing guidelines.

At the tender age of 32, Bender's enterprises already include another biotech operation working on the conversion of cellulose (trees, for example) into animal feed and a production company that develops educational concepts for children. His practical busi-

ness experience is complemented by extensive studies in biochemistry and molecular biology, though he didn't complete his doctorate. "I never finished university—it finished me," Bender declares, tilted by the fact that his lack of academic qualifications (he didn't get his BSc either) has made no difference to his comprehension, and standing in, as an incredibly rarefied scientific milieu.

Bender has assembled a highly qualified and experienced management and research team at EDO LOGICALS. The chemistry inside the new synthesizer is largely the work of Keldin Ogilvie, a McGill University professor specializing in nucleoside chemistry and a member of EDO LOGICALS' advisory board. The machine was designed and built by Bender and Peter Duck, EDO LOGICALS' technical vice-president. The management at the company presents a strong research and development background, and an Afro hairdo, glasses, a dress in black and knickerbockers over a tiny white corset—dressed in a white room furnished with a "whiteboard" (magic marker).



Keywords: "That's just his personality" is interpreted

for chalk, white tables and white chairs, his co-directors, more traditionally attired in suits and ties, occupy plusher quarters down the hall. Common to all the locusts: money managers in some knowledge of the technology involved in the company's opera-

tion, knowledge Bender believes they must have if a high-tech enterprise is to succeed.

Lowly bacteria are the real key to the multiplier effect necessary for profitable gene-splinting. They're easy to work with, their genetic makeup is relatively straightforward and, most important, they reproduce very quickly. In some

cases every 30 minutes. Even though a bacterium with recombinant genes may only create a minute quantity of a previously nonexistent substance such as insulin, billions upon billions of them in large vats will eventually, it is hoped, produce enough insulin to make some people healthy and others rich at the same time.

The lawyer who stakes the bigger the names, and usually, with its \$100-million U.S. market, is just a warm-up for the biotech Olympiad. Although nobody kept stock market speculators busy yet made a cool out of any group-specific product, it's the potential industrial applications that have been the main attraction. It's been explored. Here the big multinationals like Du Pont and Monsanto are making up for lost time by either buying into the young biotech firms or establishing their own research facilities. Standard Oil of Indiana was one of the first to take the plunge when it decided to risk venture capital on Cetus Corporation of Berkeley, the biotech of the 1980s. The company has received more than \$50 million in Standard stock since its \$100-million IPO. Cetus counts among its 25 projects the development of a "human

bag" that by itself will transform cellulose into alcohol.

Almost every week sees the announcement of another "major breakthrough" in gene-splicing technology. The results of these projects won't affect the consumer for years, but just those gene-splicing advances announced in the past year alone will ensure profound future changes in everyday life.

Interferon The most spectacular example of potential profit-making in the field has been human interferon, a highly trained anti-viral agent that could provide cures for diseases ranging from the common cold to cancer. Interferon occurs naturally, but in such small quantities that the cost of isolating it from white blood cells has been estimated at \$10- to \$20 billion a pound. Clearly a process that significantly reduces these costs is a major breakthrough and, in fact, the European-based Interferon firm Biogen announced it

January that it had successfully applied the gene for human interferon into bacteria. The implications of that advance weren't lost on Wall Street. The day after the announcement, 128 million shares of Schering-Plough, the pharmaceutical giant that owns a major share of Hugen, were traded and its stock went up 2½ points to 35½. Inco Ltd., of Toronto, a 24-per-cent owner in Hugen, climbed 1½ points to 38.

Insulin. The huge pharmaceutical firm Eli Lilly already controls over 80 per cent of U.S. animal-derived insulin production. Lilly has assured itself of a dominant position in the human insulin market by acquiring the rights to mass produce the substance under licence from the U.S. firm, Genentech, using its synthetic insulin gene. But, overshadowed by Lilly's virtual stranglehold, Cunnough Laboratories Ltd. of Toronto is now negotiating with Canada's National Research Council for licensing rights to a different process for

Touching bases, climbing rungs



A chimera is a three-headed mythological beast consisting of a goat, a lion and a serpent, which was supposed to rouse terror and awe in the beholder. When Oxford University's x-protein technology first was in bacteria, to program it called for new tricks. They too lived

Almost all living cells, no matter where they are located in an organism, contain the genetic blueprint for the entire organism. In humans, for example, even though we possess only one nucleus per cell, the blueprint is passed on to all of the cells that are required for the creation and operation of every cell in the human body. All genetic information, whether human or bacterial, is composed of a nucleic acid, like, united in two strands and each strand includes thousands of nitrogen bases, giving rise to the basic units of DNA, the nucleotides or nucleosides. The nucleoside, adenine, cytosine, guanine and thymine—A, C, G and T. For most living organisms, researchers would find that these four nucleotides continually filled with these four letters in every conceivable combination. The two strands of DNA are held together in a specific pattern, the double helix, by hydrogen bonds. Hydrogen bonds are a weak holder, compared to covalent bonds, on each of the two strands or sides of the

ladder bond together to form the rungs or "base pairs." This is the essential chem-

A gene is a certain section of the chromosome that tells a cell to perform a specific function. These sections can be anywhere from a dozen to several thousand bases long. The total number of bases and their particular arrangement within each section define the genetic code, which in turn determines the structure and function of that gene. The information in the code is used by and utilized by "factories" in the cell to create proteins and enzymes necessary for life. He proposes

That scientist has managed to find out what life is known about genes at all is astonishing considering the minute scale involved. Most bacteria have a double strand of two one-millimeter-long and less than two-millionths of a centimeter wide containing their index bases. They are folded into a space less than 1/1,000th of a millimeter across. Human DNA includes three billion bases packed into a space no

much larger and it unfolded it would stretch for several miles.

Although the phrase "gene cloning" suggests that molecular biologists actually perform the operation with any accuracy given the microscopic entities they're working with, it's not possible—yet. So-called restriction enzymes, cut the polynucleotide strand at specific points; other enzymes, called DNA ligase, "stitch them" back together. The researcher knows that these bacteria with successfully applied ones will recombine differently to a particular antibiotic than the original bacteria, when the antibiotic is added the cloned bacteria can then be separated from those bacteria whose DNA is unaltered.

There are two ways researchers can obtain the gene they wish to implant. The most common technique is to isolate the particular sequence of nitrogen bases on

The DNA strands comprising the desired gene and stop it out with the restriction enzymes. The second is to synthesize the gene artificially from readily available lab chemicals once the sequence of base is has been determined. In both techniques the genetic material is then spliced (the DNA is recombined) using restriction enzymes and the spliced at an appropriate place on the DNA of the host bacteria. These later replicates to produce 'clones' with a new genetic make up.

Senior Fellow, a molecular biologist at Canada's National Research Council, is an acknowledged master of the art of safely synthesizing gases. He prefers this method because there is a half-and-half element to industrial isolation—the scientist is never absolutely sure he has obtained the gas he wants no more and no less. But only might he then not succeed in inducing the desired properties in the host bacteria but there is more danger of attracting undesirable and potentially harmful organisms. Both of the work at sophisticated

Notation
representations
of part of a DNA
strand within
a larger sequence

The diagram shows a DNA double helix. Labels 'a' through 'e' point to specific parts: 'a' points to the sugar-phosphate backbone, 'b' points to a phosphate group, 'c' points to a deoxyribose sugar, 'd' points to a nitrogenous base, and 'e' points to the hydrogen bonds between complementary bases.

How to splice a gene

genes be further adjusted or recombined so that the desired substances now being produced by the cell appear in sufficient quantities? Nowing has solved the first problem by his *insulin gene* by synthesizing "faster" genes which attach the insulin gene to the DNA of the host bacteria, and their successful functioning was confirmed by his partner, Ray Wu of Cornell University. Now it's up to Connaught Laboratories of Toronto to adapt this new life form to the mass production of insulin.

niguns on the synthesis of interferon, the much publicized hormone that might defeat cancer. One major difficulty is that, although interferon has already been successfully produced using natural replication techniques, no one has yet "cracked" its genetic code to determine the natural sequence of its base pairs so that it can be synthesized. This will be Marini's initial task, but he is cautiously optimistic: "The big breakthrough with interferon could come at any time—and anytime could be millions of years," he says. M.C.

Free-floating DNA strands removed from bacterial cells (below left, adding), human chromosome (right) contains enough DNA for thousands of genes (purple blueprint)



Electron micrograph showing a DNA molecule with a 5.2 kb insertion. The label "DNA 5.2 kb insertion" points to the inserted segment.

to government-funded research and not to private industry, but commercial firms have so far agreed to abide by them. Nevertheless, many have already been noted in the U.S. Senate about the lack of legal sanctions on private companies that do not voluntarily comply (several attempts at making compliance mandatory have failed). As a result, a controversial bill, strongly opposed by the major pharmaceutical manufacturers, has now been introduced that would force all companies to register their new chemical drugs, research with the state.

However, with the bill now approving large-scale production of gene-spliced substances on an individual basis, another question still remains unanswered. Will workers employed in this area be adequately protected? Critics of the relaxed guidelines have pointed out that, although the possible hazards in the vast majority of lab research have now been judged negligible, the potential dangers in widespread industrial production using this same process have yet to be determined in all cases. Optimists claim that the risk involved in producing a certain substance is the same whether the yield is 1,000



Bacterial cells infected by T. 100 virus in Alberta Research Council attempt to develop better wheat and feed strains and (right) Cornoughit lab technician Rick Kilbitt

litres or one litre given adequate physical containment and genetic control. The opposing view, tentatively formulated at a recent U.S. government report on biotechnology, suggests that the continuous cultivation of recombinant organisms in large quantities over thousands of generations might lead to the

growth within the culture of a new species over which there would be no adequate control.

Some scientists are more concerned by the moment with the possible harm being done to pure research by the encroachment of private industry. Research carried out in Canadian universities is of-

A big step forward, the next in midair



The special meeting will be a high-level forum for scientists at Ottawa's National Research Council (NRC) where scientists from an international conference in the spring. With a focus on gene products, said documents it was announced that Sir James Nanning, the NRC's leading gene-splicing researcher, had synthesized a superior gene for human insulin that would give better results in the treatment of diabetes than other forms of insulin currently in use or under development.

Gene-splicing technology in Canada had clearly taken a major step forward. Negotiations are now under way with Cornoughit Laboratories Ltd. of Toronto, a long-established producer of vaccines and pharmaceuticals, for licensing rights to manufacture the insulin in commercial quantities. An underlying that will require an investment of several million dollars over the next few years. Both scientists and private industry have hopes to learn this, after years of relative inactivity by government at this level. A Canadian company is about to develop and possibly profit from government-funded gene-splicing research.

The Canadian Federation of Biological Sciences reports, however, that hundreds of American-based scientists around the

world are engaged in gene-splicing and 50 of them reside in Canada. "There's been a parade of research associates passing through Nanning's lab," comments Claude Bishop, director of the NRC's biological sciences division, a bit disgruntled. "They all get hired by American firms." Engineers who spokesman John Vetter. "There's simply aren't any jobs for them here. The infrastructure to absorb them does not exist in the country today." But that means, at the end of the day, the federal government is shelling out \$2.4 billion to let Cornoughit Develop Corp. let it flourish. Canadians could have developed a decade ago (remember the Arrow?) as if that it Canada is going to profit from this new technology, then government and private capital should start moving fast.

The scientists' proposal to encourage the necessary investment in this field are not ones that levered economic materials will be profitable. Ronald Cape, a former Montreal native who completed his doctorate at McGill University in the late 60s before heading south to eventually become chairman and co-founder of Celera Corporation, the largest of the new U.S. biotech companies, outlines the rationale: we're not represented by the Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) as either foreign or to provide investment, either foreign or domestic, in Canadian biotechnology.

The problem with government efforts in these fields is that they try to hire Canada directly. The most important thing is to start a business and be successful. "You can't let them. What will this do for Canada?" You've got to think, can we start some-

thing that will take the world by storm?" If the gene-splicing industry already used by Toronto, a biotechnology does it like this world by storm. All mean one or more new foreign investors in the company. President Robert Borden didn't actually plan it that way, but he had no choice. Canada doesn't have a technological base in this area. We've been looking for capital that brings expertise and market access with it and "snack our market is principally foreign



Bishop: only 10 gene-splicers have stayed

it would be self-sufficient to have foreign money.

Lewis Stolt, policy adviser in the federal ministry of science and technology, suggests that Canada might encourage domestic and foreign biotech investment in areas like agriculture, forestry and

text carried out in collaboration with industry—\$50,000,000 tends to be spent at York, Ottawa and McGill universities to facilitate the kind of interchange of ideas that has become commonplace in the United States. But this increasing tendency on the part of molecular biologists to maintain both professional and commercial ties may be undermining the foundations upon which objective scientific research is built. Members of the U.S. Recombinant-DNA Advisory Committee, who objected to the easing of guidelines, claimed that some scientists had failed to report possibly hazardous experiments during the recent moratorium because potential commercial applications might have been endangered. Many believe, too, that the traditionally free flow of information at the cutting edge of research is being stifled for fear of giving away secrets to the competition.

The issue of secrecy has also become more volatile because patenting, the usual method of safeguarding commercial innovations, may not be applicable to gene-spliced organisms or may be too costly and lengthy a procedure to be worthwhile. In the highly competitive world of semiconductor, for example,



Jack Daniel's distillery, Lynchburg, Tenn. (right) Jack Daniel's distillery, Lynchburg, Tenn.

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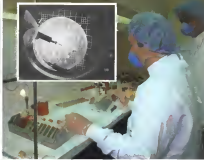
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Gene-splicer Ken Lam (right), lab technician Rish Gauria, in human insulin confinement (left) (small) biotech's routine, all used at Genomix, closely guarded trade secrets

often used as a model for the emerging biotech industry, companies have largely abandoned patenting for "process secrecy," which involves elaborate security procedures on new research. After compliance with government regulatory agencies is obtained in confidence, the product is mass-marketed on an enormous scale as quickly as possible to give it a time to market before a rival firm can duplicate it, and the same could happen in biotechnology.

However, biotech entrepreneurs like Bender think the chances of "tag nastiness" as one industry executive puts it, are remote. Says Bender, "With a lot of trade secrets you can tell people everything you're doing and it's still not quite the same as being able to do it. If Nureye tells you exactly how he does one of his routines, your chances of pulling it off are small."

A more traditional view is expressed by Laura Szymonowicz, chief geneticist at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children and a former member of the Medical Research Council's Biotechnology Committee. "I believe there's a lot of secrecy in the industry about new breakthroughs. Personally, I find the trend toward biotech's becoming entrepreneurs disturbing. Traditionally scientists have been given a lot of money to do what they want, but the way things are going now society may change its mind."

Though the idea's Nureye isn't concerned with the commercial applications of his discoveries, he's immensely qualified to speak on the subject—as a member of Genomix' advisory board, he takes part in brainstorming sessions with Francis Crick, the co-discoverer of DNA's chemical structure, and several

other Nobel laureates. "Our job is to create knowledge," says Nureye, lab coat tying as he strides through his plant-filled office dragging a test tube, occasionally pausing to answer the phone and give encouragement advice to a former research associate. Nureye obtained his PhD in India and helped Nobel Prize winner Har Gobind Khorana decipher the genetic code before accepting a research post at the MIT in 1968. His life is devoted to molecular biology, and fortunately both his wife and teenage daughter share his passion—their family vacations tend to consist of lecture tours and visits to foreign think tanks.

Despite job offers from major pharmaceutical firms around the world, Nureye is happy with the MIT's pure research environment, and he doesn't believe the free interchange of ideas inherent in academic research will be stifled by the growing ties between industry and universities. "The fundamental breakthroughs and generation of ideas will still come from the institutions," he claims. "The pioneers will always be pioneers because they're bad 10 or 15 years ahead start on the rest. At the highest level we all know what we're doing, and it's important to me to know what might be happening in other places."

Individual scientists may or may not be concerned about trade secrecy but most biotech companies certainly are, and the rest has suggested that all pro-

cesses submitted for registration be protected by patent application first (but it hasn't been established yet that gene-spliced life forms can be patented at all, and the U.S. Supreme Court is currently considering a test case since many such organisms are waiting for patent, the particular bag on trial has been engineered by General Electric to eat oil spills).

Traditionally, patents are granted on the basis to which a particular "invention" is put, so the question of patenting "life" per se may not arise at all. The U.S. Appeals Court has said, "We do not see any sound reason for making the distinction between the living and the dead." This extraordinary statement may be justified in terms of present U.S. patent law but its consequences are horrifying to contemplate. Taken to its most sinister extreme, such a view would allow private ownership and control of the evolutionary process and the cloning of human beings whose lives would be in the hands of their creators. Most observers feel that the court will not risk a decision and will offer the question back to Congress.

Although most commercial gene-splicing research has so far focused on introducing foreign genes into bacteria, ethical problems surrounding eukaryotic research on higher organisms are already being raised by this controversy over patenting. Some gene-splicing has been done in this area, but despite test-tube babies in England and sperm banks in California, Altona Huxley's *Brave New World* remains a shocking argument of the imagination. The problems involved here are immense. The higher the life form the more complex the gene structure a virus may have as few as three genes while man has 80,000 to 100,000 genes, and each other test tract is invariably the product of not one but possibly hundreds or thousands of genes working in combination. Now the initial human cell created at conception selects and combines genes from the male and female "species" at its disposal to largely a mystery, and manipulating them for our own uses is impossible. Given these natural obstacles and biology's present technological limitations, it's easy to understand why most scientists regard human genetic engineering to the realm of science fiction.

Twenty years ago, of course, most people would have looked upon the now mundane technique of gene-splicing as an escaped idea from the *Twilight Zone* and gene machines as unobtainable, if not downright evil. But pragmatic visionaries like Robert Bender sense infinite possibilities where others sense only nonsense. They have the ability to see the future in the present—and possibly make money from both. ☐

The Alternative.



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Why are we soft on barbarism, hard on daily life in Canada?

By Barbara Aron

The letter from Budapest arrived with a clipping inside. The woman who sent it to me was a friend, someone I had met years ago in a Toronto shop, both of us on a search of mureps. She had fairly to sponsor her occasional visits to Canada. Now, alone, in her late 70s, she writes letters to friends she made in Canada. For me, the letters are the "little windows" my teachers used to tell me about that would give those who looked through them a glimpse of the human soul or another society. Or, as in this case, would turn into a mirror reflecting our image back at us.

She wrote about a television show, a coproduction between the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and the state-controlled Hungarian Television. The clipping was from the Hungarian television guide and it described the show, *My Mother She was Outraged*, but in her outrage had forgotten to translate the piece I put it aside. It was a heavy-duty work for television—I had the *Sandals* and the *Death of a Princess* fun to write.

It turned out to be an interesting fact. Here was a well-cited drama based on the real-life execution of a *Sandals* princess and her lover for the crime of adultery. Here was the *Sandals* government looking out the British ambassador to show its disapproval of the film (coproduction with British and American money), and then going on about how dreadfully unfair the film was to the culture of Islam. What was most upsetting to the *Sandals*, it was revealed, were scenes suggesting that the princess had this unusual thing about sex and spent a great deal of time selecting her. The young men from behind their veils and limousines—or trying on something a little more lively than new outfits in the boutiques of Riyadh.

By the time the film had been shown in England and was going to other markets, the row had escalated. In the US

the *Sandals* protested to the state department. *My Mother She was Outraged* has interests in that staff under the sand over which Arabs pack their camels and Mercedes, bought space in *The New York Times* using the television to "revise its decision" to air the show. And, which gets \$2 million a year from *My Mother She was Outraged* to be very loud about the whole thing and followed the two-hour show with an earnest discussion by a panel of Arabists.



The discussion had a lot of cultural relativism goodies of the "it is incumbent upon us to understand their culture" sort. There was a lot of anguish about whether the film was emphasizing the most important values of Islam. Nobody seemed to contrast the central issue what sort of society shoots a 29-year-old girl and beheads a young man for having an affair—under any circumstances, but especially when the marriage of the girl is an arranged matter to an absentee husband. Presumably, in defense into this question would be to pronounce on the cultural values of another society—which, in the eyes of the guilt-ridden West, is a no-no. Thank God cultural relativism was not so popular when Adolf Hitler was around, or we would have had to listen to similar apologetic tripe about the murder of inferior people being simply a part of the Third Reich's culture.

Having broiled about this I decided to answer the *CBC* Hungarian co-production my correspondent had mentioned

It was a drama, based on a story by Mary Gelland, of a Hungarian boy who comes to Canada and writes letters home to his mother. His letters blow up his life to fantastic proportions of wealth, when in fact he's living a fairly dreary middle-class life in Toronto.

Here there are a number of ways to reject ordinary middle-class working life in Toronto. The Hungarian director, Karoly Makk, chose to depict it as a starving, impoverished treadmill. There are also a number of ways to depict the interesting conflict between the truth and an individual's pretensions and ambitions. The Hungarian TV guide—as well as the film itself—decided to remove this conflict from the particular and interpret it as a general matter. Thus the translated program notes read: "The work's story gives us a glimpse of the narrowness, cynicism and superficiality of life in Canada."

The film, paid for in part by Canadian taxpayers, had been used by the Hungarian government as propaganda against the West. Not surprising, Communist makes no secret of its eternal aim to undermine bourgeois capitalism. And it is true that Hungarian popular expectations of life in the West are often grotesquely inflated. When you read of a society, forbidden lands become fantasy lands which so reality can hope to match. But my friend in Budapest knew that, while life in working-class Toronto was no paradise, neither was it the desperate hell she had seen and heard seven *Sandals*, her letter was not angry at the deceptiveness of her TV guide—she had long ago come to terms with that. Her outrage was with the *CBC*. "Are they crazy," she wrote, "to help the Communist to do this to us?"

What could I answer? "When the West has reached the stage that it explains away barbarism on one hand and collaborates with 'scientific socialism' to bring about the demise of the West on the other—what is there to say? Yes, my dear Vera, sitting in your room, fat, you, we have gone mad."



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The precious horror show

THE SHINING
Directed by Stanley Kubrick

Is it possible to possess a great gift but "starved intelligence"? If it is, Stanley Kubrick must be the original prototype—he's a brilliant boss. *The Shining*, adapted from Stephen King's enjoyable but truly horror novel, is astonishingly filmed, each frame as impressively mediated as a dream of perfection, but as it moves along it gets dumber and dumber. It's done in a way few movies are: while you're looking at the lines and their delivery, you're awestruck by the visual design. *The Shining* is an un-boly, unbelievable mix of brilliance and brain damage, a kind of lobotomized work of genius. Kubrick takes the trash material of the book so seriously, giving us optical purity, frame by languorous frame. But the material can't support that kind of hand-off—as high art—and we're denied the few simple pleasures we expect from a decent movie.

Kubrick's last work was the gorgeous, timeless *Barry Lyndon*, a movie to turn the hair grey. Even those who had given



up on him still anticipated the application of the glacial, painterly Kubrick style (2001, *A Space Odyssey*, *A Clockwork Orange*) to the horror genre. The two seemed made for each other. Filmed in secrecy over a three-year period—about the time it took monks to

Ducat, Lloyd: blood gushes from a few lines

copy manuscripts—*The Shining* has as much attention to it that took it of life. It's the work of a genius who, having been away from the world too long, is unaware of what other people are



Nicholson having a million-dollar fit

sped to and need from a movie.

The Shining is all about precious blood, not the vulgar, red stuff. Set in the Overlook Hotel, an overcast resort in Colorado, Kubrick unfolds us well back at the children in *Berry Lyndon*. The people who arrive to take care of the isolated resort closed down for the winter—Jack Torrance (Jack Nicholson), his wife, Wendy (Shelley Long), and their child, Danny (Danny Lloyd)—are gradually swallowed up by its insidiousness as the camera follows them through endless corridors where sound is thunderously echoed. A previous caretaker had locked his wife and two little girls in his with an axe and then killed himself. Danny develops a sixth sense, or "shining," which enables him to "see" things from the past and into the future: blood gushing out of elevator doors, visions of the little girls. He father, a former boxer, succumbs to his surroundings as the creepy space-ness of the hotel seeps into his already troubled mind. It triggers a psychosis and the past begins to repeat itself.

The factory psychosis survives in *The Shining* as filmed as though they were million-dollar delirious treasures, taking place in richly appointed ballrooms and bedrooms where he now comes with people from the past, fragments of his obsessive imagination. When *The Shining* doesn't look like a shot for *Amish* (Michael Dux), it looks like a horror remake of *Love Train* or *Monsters*, troubled figures, dwarfed by their surroundings, taking long conversations. The premise of the child's "shining" never really takes us because Kubrick takes too much time to suspend

our disbelief. The child has a second personality called Tony who speaks through him in a devilish, ratty voice, you'd think Mercedes McCauley, who dubbed Linda Blair's voice in *The Exorcist*, was on the loose again. To dress up what little suspense there is, Kubrick uses lead, reverberating heartbeats emanating from the walls, as well as music that compels attention, but can't force. This time it's the anguished tones of Penderecki, Bartok and Ligeti. When the big payoff arrives with Nicholson running amok with an axe after the kid in a money garden labyrinth, it's too late—we're too tired to care.

What Kubrick has done to his senses



Torrance, Winger: searching in vain night

might well be irreparable. Nicholson is required to choke, roll his eyes, and arch his eyebrows with the kind of involuntary glaze that parades his past performers. It's love-appeal acting, faces flying all over the place. And when he grabs the axe toward the end, he's Attila the Hun, the Scourge of God and Lancelot. He's not rolled into one. Dux is used as an acronym machine, it's a crime to ask anyone to repeat and guess and answer as she does. Only Lloyd and Scamman Brothers, as a black sheep who's hip to what's happening (some of black magic), don't leave you helpless with laughter.

At one showing in New York, after people had waited for hours in line, the audience booed at the end. They laughed, not nervously, but with contempt for being cheated. Kubrick had committed the capital offense—he'd refused to disturb them. He had tried to alienate school into something subtle and nobody was interested. Parts of *The Shining* are intentionally funny, many of them not. Perhaps Kubrick meant to connect an hallucinogenic tale about the deterioration of the family. Who knows? God forbid that he should ever make a vulgar movie—you really would never see it. Lawrence O'Toole

One long drawl in bronco country

ULTRAVIOLET
Directed by James Bridges

A Gilley's, the bare-knife nightclub where the bulk of *Ultron Cowboy*'s action takes place, modern Texas keeps tabs on its past. Displaying their strength by gunning a bag and showing their mettle by riding a mechanical bull, the men live out their macho fantasies and the women watch them with a mixture of fascination and revulsion. "Are you a real cowboy?" Stacy (Debra Winger) asks Red (John Travolta), re-

Torance, Winger: searching in vain night

cently arrived in Houston to work as an oil refinery. Red, strutting his macho, takes Stacey for a few spins around Gilley's gin-and-tonic dance floor.

Ultron Cowboy is at its best with the romantic imagery it conjures up at Gilley's. Red, in his T-shirt, wearing white flares, her hair clinging to her face and later both dressed all in white at their wedding. Back at their new motel home, their relationship, so quickly castled upon, begins to unravel. "There are certain things a girl can't do," the macho Red tells the fiercely independent Stacy. When Stacy rides the mechanical bull at Gilley's ("It ain't for pussies," he tells her), she embarrases him in front of the crowd, especially since Wes (Scott Glenn), the crook who operates the bull, had already tossed her a few nights before. Stacy takes up with Wes, who treats her rough, and Red with Pam (Melody Smith), whose daddy "does it," and all that that implies. As in any romantic melodrama, when *Ultron Cowboy* is events are played out to effect a reconciliation. Adapted from Aaron Latham's article in *Esquire*, by Latham himself and director James Bridges, the movie works when the tensions between Tra-

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rolfs and Winger get going: two proud, volatile and insecure people having it out with emotional intensity is as good a definition of drama as anything. And though there isn't a bad performance in it, or a character out from cardboard (Glenn's whines real close to it), *Urban Cowboy* is curiously passy and narcissic. It aside the drive of a director who can give us more than the orange-blissom special lighting effects at Gilly's and who can squeeze some suspense into the ball-batting sequences. The pacing of the movie is one long drawl, there's a single time in one hour, dramatically, everything gets tied up just a little too neatly.

Trevelia, Texas recent mastered, is fine, but the role doesn't test him any further as an actor; it's his undeniable star presence that gets us through all the puerile stretchers Winger is superb (he uses her husky voice and her eyes to register the finest shifts of emotion). Together, they have what is called chemistry: we believe their sexual relationship without being aware that much of it—it reveals itself in glance and reflection. The fairy-tale ending of their rough-and-ready relationship seems painfully contrived, something that should be tucked on in a light romantic comedy. To have them ride off into the metaphorical sunset, you get the feeling that Urban Cowboy has engaged itself in the patently absurd—it has tried to rape a divorce.

Laverne O'Toole

A forest above the tree line

BEAR ISLAND

Directed by Don Sharp

There are of this world certain filmmakers of sophisticated, of jaded, tastes, who recognize and appreciate a truly bad movie when they see one. For their consciences of the eternally abashed, *Bear Island* is an extravagance not to be missed. Unconcerned by plausibility, unfettered by a single good moment, ascertaining, offending and relentlessly undisturbed by dialogue that brings from one to one with all the grace of a multiple millionaire, the latent piece of shipwreck from the Canadian ice house is a chiller if ever there was one.

Consider some of the film's more appalling charms. Donald Sutherland is a marine biologist Frank Lansing who, while serving on a ship weather station in a sinister block of ice somewhere in the Arctic Circle, discovers an old German U-boat, his father's old German skeleton and most of Norway's wartime gold reserves. *Bear Island*, he also discovers, is crawling with leftover Nazis



Sutherland: all the grace of a collector

(this is an Alfred Hitchcock story, after all), and the film consists for the most part of the Third Reich's heinous attempts to shoot, stab, bury, blow up, punch out and run over Lansing and his mystified wives. Sutherland's masterful escapes and his ultimate victory over Pan-Arctic fascism may well comprise his worst acting to date. His performance is a rare glimpse of mood in a landscape well north of the tree line.

Not to be outdone, Vanessa Redgrave is a Norwegian doctor who literally splashes Marxism into the cast's walking wounded. Her lines are few and far between. "You're pretty silent," Lansing says to her at one point. No wonder. Her Scandinavian accent becomes years spent in the lands of Chelms and Hammersmith. And although director Don Sharp deserves considerable credit for the stroke of casting someone that has Lloyd Bridges playing an ex-senior director, the only unqualified praise must be reserved for the courageous attempt of an audience to bury this unequalled disaster.

David Hackstein



He should have stuck with sharks

The Island

Directed by Michael Molloy

Just when you thought it was safe to go back into a theater, there's *The Island*, from Peter (Lionel) Banzhaf's bound collection of pages. Not only are there sharks in the water, apparently there are grates, too, left over from world-hacking days and baked up on a Caribbean island. Strange things have been happening in the area, so reporter Michael Caine and his son go down to investigate, are captured by the sealwags and held. Why is Caine not dispatched with a cutline to the other hapless victims? Well, all the said sealwags have scruples and only one woman, a long and shiny thing with Dr. Derek Carraway, is capable of carrying the race forward. Caine, as she tells him, is needed for his "breast." As if that isn't enough, she then bashes him.

Maybe *The Island*, with its "Be Zane, you thrust" dialogue, will become camp in the years to come. And the movie who comprises the prime examples of may get funnier as time goes by. (They usually speak in an understandable accent, and when they are intelligible you wish they weren't.) *The Island* is a sloppy, gratuitously violent, staged symbol of just how desperate the movie industry is in one of the prime assets that Caine must have a drink and says, "You need five in the belly." To make a movie you also need brains in the head. L.O.T.

Celine: a man needed for his breast

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After Jimmy and Ronnie, Ted Baxter for president

By Allan Fotheringham

It's a measure of the nation dominated by TV images that the election campaign that is the most powerful man in the world will be highlighted by the outlying debate over whether one of the candidates alters his features. Ronnie Reagan, Gerald Ford used to say, doesn't really dye his hair—"He's just pretentiously drab." Johnny Carson, after receiving a complaint from Mrs. Reagan about his jokes about her husband, tells his viewers that Ronnie doesn't really dye his hair "He bleaches his face." In a country where a television icon, Walter Cronkite, can be seriously considered a vice-presidential candidate, nothing surprises anyone. (Canada, we'll note, being only a not-so-close version of all the American fixations, concentrated on only one small portion of the physiognomy—Joe Clark's chin—in a major election issue.) The *Dr. Oz*, Marshall McLuhan, professed it all and so we could listen.

The art of politics, all Boston pop Tip O'Neal once said Jimmy Carter is "smoke and mirrors." Pickled Groucho. The spectacle of the richest country in the history of mankind seriously contemplating electing a retired party-boy actor who has flipped from curly-top political views to leftism in 1976. Age has been a diverting, a fascinated observation of foreign journalists from countries not yet so enlightened. Churchill's man-burdened bellows may would have had to be rearranged by plastic modelling and Neoskenon Regis, the winner of any early baby contest, would never make it past sheriff. Only in North America, brilliance of modern technology, can you elect a president while also watching on the tube the return of his classic role opposite Bette the Chimp as one of his memorable roles.

Because we are so close, we tend to underestimate the turbulent nature of American politics. (a society) which Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the *AP News Service*

has produced such a dismal choice in 1980. Our neighbors have had 20 solid years of turmoil in which not a single president has been allowed to depart through normal circumstances. John Kennedy was assassinated. Lyndon Johnson was driven from office by a student civil war against the state over Vietnam. Richard Nixon escaped jail, his justified fate, only by fleeing office. Gerald Ford left the presidency never having been elected by anybody. Not



even to mention the sleazy Spiro Agnew, the designated heir was revealed as a chaste law now making a million as a pit of French Riviera and back for Arab interests who want to hold the U.S. to ransom. There is not a single "advanced" nation with a recent history as turbulent as that embracing by the most prosperous and technologically superior country of all.

The deterioration of the candidates offered the American public is well recorded. Since the clause Kennedy-Sloan speaker of 1960, the U.S. voter (and the world as legitimizing interest) appear to have had to watch such unedifying contents as Johnson on the suicidal Barry Goldwater in 1964, Nixon against the burnt-out Herbert Humphrey in 1968, Nixon over the haplessly suicidal George McGovern in 1972 (the bombing Ford, losing Poland while losing to the migrating Baptist cracker, Jimmy Carter, in 1976). (The most embarrassing aspect of this coming struggle for the position of who gets

the right to press his pinkie on the nuclear button is that the aspirants are known as "Jimmy" and "Ronnie." This is forced informality carried to the nth—or Archie Bunker—degree.)

Carter, really, must bear the responsibility for reducing the highest position in the land to a good-ole-boy, bowdlerized level of metaphysics. Teeth and hair, the prerequisites of any self-respecting, television newscaster these days, has been elevated to a prime

faster as rights of occupancy in the White House. That the moving, by a U.S. president, of the parting of his hair from one side to the other could become a major news item of the week, recorded shattering by all the newscasters, tells us more than we want to know of what Nelson wanted us.

We are now down to the stage where the *National Enquirer*, that supermarket scandal-squeezer, features a front-page splash on the 58-year-old Roni Kennedy, every hair in place, the mother of pain and glory. While America pursues its reluctant

dreams of two mothers more—one conscious in his second-up exhibition, a man who "would never tell a lie" but will twist and turn any way to win, the other resembling some Roman sculpture of the 19th genus—kept in reserve for the titillation of all is the Greek tragedy of Ronald Teddy, whippersnapper of his womanizing and college cheating trading his campaign life as an alluring dress. They love to read about him but they won't vote for him. The big, trendy states—California, Pennsylvania, New Jersey—give him their primary support but down some American states him, respects him, reads about him, whippersnapper about him. He, too, as much as Jimmy and Ronnie, serves a useful purpose in the mix of things.

Those at the top, revealing the bareness of what is beneath, are figures to be joked. When some 60 per cent of Americans don't vote in a presidential election, they indicate they do not have a high regard for anyone serving to the office. Then time, they are correct.



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